THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, [illegible] Mother Country of America."

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CHARLES J. KICKHAM.

A Sketch of the Career, Character and Writings of the Gentle Poet of the Banks of the Aherlo.

His Profound and Versatile Knowledge of the Light and Shades of Irish Character.

[*Dublin Evening Herald.*]

In the swirl and strain of the political agitation of the last two decades we, Irishmen, have neglected literature. The literary element formed an unimportant factor in the Parnell movement—practical above all things. Judged by results, in this instance the best criteria, this has been as it should. Yet, true nationality lies not in externals; its domain is the spiritual, in the realm wherein literature has, and will always exercise, a subtle and potent influence. Which position leads to the paradox that in the endeavor to secure self-government we have been in danger of losing claim to that distinctive nationality of ours which made the home rule movement a necessity.

It must be remembered, too, that our age of literary sterility has been contemporaneous with a period of great activity in the English world of letters. We have become so accustomed to receive our ideas of the [illegible] of modern life and thought through English channels that we are inclined to overlook the fact that they are liable to damage in the transit. However, [illegible] hope of better things. Our [illegible] poets are piping tunefully of [illegible] humor novelists are holding the [illegible] with the best of the season, and [illegible] we not, *inter alia*, a New Irish Library.

For all that, this paper may serve as a not unnecessary finger-post to a comparatively unfrequented [illegible] of genuine, Celtic inspiration—to [illegible] writings of Charles Joseph Kickham. Few are those who follow [illegible] pleasant thought-paths [illegible] Irish meadows, or [illegible] bleak hillsides [illegible] where, however [illegible] learn many things [illegible] guide. In sad truth, there seems to exist a general misconception—or want of conception—of the true value of the life work of the Fenian novelist. Yet, apart from literary or political considerations, a study of his career (which space does not here permit) is interesting and inspiring as that of a strong personality. To his countrymen especially should it prove of interest, for Kickham was an excellent type of the ardent Nationalist of the middle of the century, the dark period of unrest from the decline of O'Connell to the beginning of the Parnell movement. Childlike simplicity, womanly gentleness and purity, a chivalrous spirit which wrung admiration even from bitter opponents, a light heart under weighty physical infirmities, an indomitable courage and resolution which a bitter series of hope-scatterings could not impair these were some of the elements of his noble and lovable character.

Before coming to a consideration of his literary work, it is well to recall how the man lived his life. Born in 1825, at Mullinahone, in Tipperary, he was a Young Irelander in '42; he lived through the black '47; was in hiding after the fiasco of '48; was a Tenant Righter in 1850; a Fenian in '65; a convict from '66 to '69; and a novelist, simply, until his death in 1882. When he was about fourteen years of age a flask of damp gunpowder which he was drying one day exploded, and his sight and hearing were permanently injured. The effects became so marked as time went on that when, in 1866, he was sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude the announcement had to be conveyed to him through an ear-trumpet. Though his health gave way during his confinement, he never lost his buoyant spirits or his sense of humor. Once, it is said, when set to knit stockings in Woking Prison, a warder abused him for his slowness in learning. "Ah," said Kickham, "I've time enough to learn in fourteen years." He was not, however, to spend so long a period in prison, for ill health procured his release in 1869.

Three only of Kickham's novels are obtainable in book form, and each deals with the lights and shadows of Irish peasant life during the middle of this century. Of these "Sally Cavanagh, or the Untenanted Graves" was published in 1869, shortly after his release, and in a preface he alludes to a collection of his "Sketches, Ballads, etc." which had been advertised while he was in prison as "in preparation," but has never yet seen the light. He quaintly remarks that the reason for its non-appearance was, "that before the editor had proceeded very far with his task he saw that its completion would, in all likelihood, procure him a personal introduction to the author." "Knock-na-Gow, or the Homes Tipperary" appeared in 1879, but the third novel, "For the Old Land," was not published until after his death, in 1886, and has not received the finishing touches, we will not say final polish, for Kickham was anything but a stylist. In fact, it is but a draft novel, yet contains many passages in Kickham's brightest vein.

He could write a good ballad, too; songs to be understood by the people, that have appealed strongly to them and are still favorites, such as "Patrick Sheehan." A few of his songs are to be found in "Irish Ballad Poetry." Others, as well as many short stories and sketches, remain scattered as the Sibyl's leaves in the pages of various defunct Irish periodicals from which it is to be hoped some kindly hand may rescue them ere it be too late to attempt the work.

Not a voluminous bibliography, truly. Handicapped as he was by growing physical infirmities, and having devoted the best energies of his prime to the service of his country, Kickham was unable to leave us a large literary legacy, nor, as we think, was he able to give us of his best; but the most callous critic must admit the spontaneity of his humor and the vivid fidelity of his portraiture. Above all he is in touch with his people as no other student of Irish peasant life has been. This is an important qualification for the novelist who aims at depicting national character, for the broad, popular ideas of the people of a country which obtain universal currency are more often derived from the irresponsible story-teller than from the conscientious ethnographer.

"As to the story of 'Sally Cavanagh,' says Kickham, "I claim one merit for it—the merit of being *true*—that is, in the sense in which delineations of national character and manners, the modes of thought and speech of the people, their virtues and vices, joys and sorrows, ought to be true. I have got none of my materials at second hand, and the scenes of suffering I have endeavored to describe have occurred under my own eyes. And," he goes on, "it is my conscientious belief that no Irish-born man or woman will be the worse for having read it." Here we have the keynote of all his literary activity. He wrote for Irish men and women—and he wrote for a purpose.

"Sally Cavanagh," in our opinion, is his masterpiece, though "Knock-na-Gow" is usually considered his magnum opus. It is so, as regards length, which considering the slenderness of plot is rather a disadvantage, and though as a more complete picture of Irish life "Knock-na-Gow" is perhaps, more valuable, from an artistic point of view, "Sally Cavanagh" is superior.

It is a comparatively short story, and may be read at a sitting, but it is exceedingly fascinating and full of dramatic intensity from the brighter earlier scenes to the gathering gloom that envelops the "Untenated Graves" at the close. The incidental short story entitled, "Why the Schoolmaster's Hair Grew Gray," is a pathetic little life-drama told in a simple and direct way [illegible] by its very artlessness reaches a [illegible] Sally Cavanagh [illegible] Kickham's work was; the pathos is intense, but only too true, while the humor is to be matched in "Knock-na-Gow" alone, and not always even there. Altogether, it is a very delightful and sorrowful Irish story, but one or two excerpts will better illustrate the manner of this book of contrasts than a much greater amount of bald criticism.

Here is a "thrush and a blackbird" episode, in Tim Croak's own words:

"'Twas this day seven years, for all the world—the year o' the hard frast. Shawn Gow set a crib in his haggert the evenin' afore; and when he went out in the mornin' he had a hen blackbird. He put the goulogue on her nick, and tuck her in his hand; an' with one smuk luck av his finger knocked the life out av her; he walked in an' threw the blackbird on the table."

"'O Shawn,' siz Nancy, 'you're after ketchin' a fine thrish.' Nancy took the bird in her hand an' began rubbin' the feathers on her breast. 'A fine thrish,' siz Nancy.

"'Tisn't a thrish; but a blackbird,' siz Shawn.

"'Wisha, in throth, Shawn,' siz Nancy, 'tis a thrish; do you want to take the sight o' my eyes from me?'

"'I tell you 'tis a blackbird,' siz he.

"'Indeed then it isn't, but a thrish,' siz she.

"Anyway, one word borrowed another, and the end av it was, Shawn flailed at her an' gev her the father av a batin.' The Christmas Day after Nancy opened the door an' looked out.

"'God be wud this day twelve months,' siz she; 'do you remimber the fine thrish you caught in the crib?'

"'Twas a blackbird,' siz Shawn.

"'Whist now, Shawn; 'twas a thrish,' siz Nancy.

"'I tell you again 'twas a blackbird,' siz Shawn.

"'Och,' siz Nancy, beginnen to laugh, 'that was a quare blackbird.' Wud that, one word borrowed another, and Shawn stood up and gev her the father av a batin'. The third Christmas Day kem, and they were in the best o' good humor after the tay, and Shawn puttin' on his ridin' coat to go to mass. 'Well, Shawn,' siz Nancy, 'I'm thinkin' av what an unhappy Christmas mornin' we had this day twelve months, all on account of the thrish you caught in the crib, bad cess to her.'

"'Twas a blackbird,' siz Shawn.

"'Wisha good luck to yon an' don't be talkin' foolish,' siz Nancy; 'an' you're betther not get into a passion agin, account of an ould thrish. My heavy curse on the same thrish,' siz Nancy.

"I tell you 'twas a blackbird,' siz Shawn.

"'An' I tell you 'twas a thrish,' siz Nancy.

"Wud that, Shawn took down a bunnaun he had seasonin' in the chimley, and whaled at Nancy, and gev her the father of a batin'.

"An' every Christmas morning from that day to this 'twas the same story, for as sure as the sun rose Nancy 'd draw down the thrish.

But the end did come.

"Shawn Gow fixed his eyes upon the the bottle with a look in which hatred and fascination were strangely blended. He turned quickly to his wife.

"'Will you give in it was a blackbird?' he asked.

"'A blackbird,' she repeated irresolutely.

"'Yes, a blackbird. Will you give in it was a blackbird?' Shawn Gow w[illegible] evidently relapsing into his [illegible] mood.

"'Well,' said his wife, after some [illegible] itation, 'twas a blackbird. Will [illegible] plase you?'

"'And you'll never say 'twas a thrish again?'

"'Never. An' sure only [illegible] speckles on the breast, I'd [illegible] 'twas a thrish. But sure you ought know better than men—an'—an' [illegible] a blackbird,' she exclaimed with a desperate effort.

'Shawn Gow swung the bottle [illegible] his head and flung it with all his [illegible] against the hob. The whole [illegible] was for a moment one blaze of [illegible] 'The devil was in id,' says the [illegible] smiling grimly, 'an' there he's [illegible] flash of fire. I'm done wid him [illegible] way."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A REBEL'S GRAVE.

BY JOHN C. O'NEILL.

In the ancient burial ground of [illegible] low, known as "The Groves," a [illegible] Irishman named James Lawless [illegible] buried. His grave is marked by a [illegible] some Celtic cross, erected as a tri[illegible] to his patriotism by the people of [illegible] low. Lawless fought with the insur[illegible] army in Wexford during the last [illegible] perate struggle for Irish independ[illegible] and attained the patriarchal age [illegible] years:

Sacred to the memory
Of an Irish rebel bold,
Who fought for Erin's liberty
Beneath the green and gold,
Who stood beside his fellow men
And England did defy,
And unto us a lesson left,
To teach us how to die.

Sacred to the memory
Of the gallant and the true,
Who rose in glorious 'Ninety-eight
When faithful friends were few
And on the crest of Oulart Hill
Fought bravely, pike in hand,
Beside the dauntless Wexfordmen
For faith and fatherland.

'Tis but an outlaw's humble bed,
An Irish rebel's grave,
But the heart of him now cold in d[illegible]
By Slaney's glancing wave
Throbbed with fierce and resl[illegible]
[illegible] Murphy led his men
Against the Saxon foe.

What memories of the gloomy past
That grassy mound recalls,
What gory, hard-fought battlefields,
Where 'mid shrieking shells and balls,
The rebels charged to victory,
Looms up before my sight,
Again I hear the rolling drum,
And behold the stubborn fight.

Once more on Carrigbyrne Hill,
At the dawning of the day,
The men of Bagenal Harvey stand,
In warlike, bold array.
Beneath them, fringed by Barrow's wave,
Lies famous New Ross town;
I watched the fight. Ere set of sun
The red was trampled down.

O'er Gorey town the battle smoke
Hangs like a funeral pall,
And pikes flash brightly in the sun,
And ranks of foemen fall.
Vain are bayonet, sword, and gun,
Against the vengeful pike,
When Erin's sons determined are,
For liberty to strike.

Again the cannon thunders
O'er Arklow's sea-girt shore,
The soil is plowed by shot and shell,
And red with Saxon gore;
The distant hills re-echoed
The foeman's savage yell,
When before the might of rebel steel,
His crimson banner fell.

Once more the flag of Britain
Was trampled in the dust,
By men whose claims to liberty
Before the world were just;
Fiercely the pikes of Wexford flashed
On Tubbernecring's field,
And the haughty English tyrant
To Erin had to yield.

But, alas, the sword of treachery,
Suspended by a hair,
O'er Ireland's devoted sons
Hung shrouded by despair.
Internal traitors caused the sword
Of England to descend,
And smite the land they never loved,
And scorned to defend.

On Slaney's wave the sunbeams gleam,
And flash on Vinegar Hill,
Where those who swore by Ireland
To stand, through good or ill,
Are mustered for the final fight;
'Tis o'er. The cause is lost;
Ah, England, though you vanquished us,
Full bitter was the cost.

'Tis but a rebel's lonely tomb,
O'er which the wild winds sing
The funeral dirge of one who fought
Against a tyrant king.
Lawless, may thy last long sleep
Calm and unclouded be,
And o'er thy grave soon may we raise
The flag of liberty.

IRISH EDUCATION.

Strong Letter From a Correspondent of the Dublin "Independent" on the Subject.

How Irish History Ought to be Taught in Irish Schools and It Is Not.

In following the letters on the above subject in your esteemed paper, the letters of "Ireland a Nation" and N. Murphy, though learned and critical essays on the subject, are beside the issue. It won't help us one jot in forcing the hand of the Education Board, whether it was a Brief or Bull Pope Adrian IV. issued or to which of the Pope's John the Prince of Ulster, assisted by the old nobility and Celtic ecclesiastics, appealed to with no results to us. All Irish students are aware that at that period of our history the Popes of Rome treated us with little mercy, though their successors in Elizabeth's, James' and Cromwell's reign tried to sustain Catholicity in Ireland, even by the sword—"not Ireland a Nation or Ireland for the Irish"—note the treatment of Hugh O'Neill and Owen Roe by the Norman-Irish and a large portion of the clergy. Mr. Finneran hits the nail on the head when he states that John Morley doesn't care for our "academic discussion." As a people we are too fond of it, but practical ideas, worked out with determination, would arouse him, and help us better on the road to emancipation, calculating always on the forces we have to meet, which, in this case, I will briefly state, and then give my idea to combat them. If you have not John Morley you probably will have worse in his place. The Education Board is dead against you to a man. Roman diplomacy at the instigation of the Howards, Vaughans, Lisles, Brownes, etc., are working covertly against you. The prospect of Home Rule and the removal of the Catholic members to College Green to look after purely Irish affairs [illegible] are many), and leaving the Catholics in England and Scotland and the Colonies, notably India, in the hands of a Protestant Imperial parliament, has frightened them, and worse, 70,000 Independent Nationalists in Ireland who won't take clerical dictation of civil affairs.

Half your parish priests, all school managers, don't know Irish history, or care about it, nor will they foster it. Worse, still, your young curates, who will be the parish priests of the future, especially those who spent some of their time in English or Scotch dioceses, awaiting a vacancy in their native ones, sneer at Irish history and language, and some absolutely refused to study the language, though the speaking of it was necessary in the ministration of their duties in a Celtic-speaking portion of their parish. It is also evident that the Irish hierarchy are pushing forward with great energy the claims of the Christian Brothers to teach under the National Board, seeing that their power over the National teachers is slowly and surely slipping from them. When the Christian Brothers are admitted to teach under the board they will be held like the sword of Damocles over the heads of any independent and spirited teacher, if he doesn't conform to the manager's dictum, he will be told the monks will be put in his place, if he perseveres in his teaching, as the manager will call "the anarchic ideas" instilled into the youthful mind. He will next denounce him at the Stations, the Confraternity, or the pulpit, whichever suit his purpose best, and then the children of no Cawtholic *votecn* will go to the school of such a terrible man.

Do not take me as blaming the Christian Brothers, as an order; we can never be too grateful to them for their work in the past; they did their part nobly as Irishmen, but I can see clearly the future for them, and us, will be greatly changed, and not for the good of Irish nationality. It is not a "Pio Nono" you have now governing spiritually, who would not bend to predominant partners, but a subtle, wily diplomast, well trained in the several European courts, who won't consider for the aspirations of a people in a small island like ours, but browbeat us by dubbing us Anarchists, etc., and will try to make us form a part of the glorious British Empire, to forward Catholicity (see Encyclicals to French Bishops, also the American Bishops). Having stated my views regarding the strong opposition to be met in the teaching of Irish history in the schools, I will now state how they can be faced successfully. First, you have about one-half of the Irish P. P's good, noble, generous, warm-hearted Irishmen, who, outside their spiritual affairs, will generously forward any effort to resuscitate the language and history of their country, with a small portion of the curates, and I would safely state half the bishops and archbishops. A strong nucleus to rally with. Second, you have nine out of every ten of the teachers and assistants in the National schools (I speak only for two southern counties). All those teachers can do, and some are, that I am aware, doing, as my old teacher did when I was attending a National school early in the seventies. That brave old Irishman when teaching us the geography of Ireland taught us its history, too, this way: "Point out Clontarf, outside Dublin Bay, point close to site. Well boys, 'twas there Brian Boru smote the power of the Danes." He would relate a short history to us. "Next boy, point out Kinsale;" done as requested. "Now, boys, it was there Hugh O'Neill fought his great battle, an final one for Irish freedom. He was defeated by Mountjoy at the head of the Elizabethan forces." He would state how O'Neill was betrayed by an Irish guide leading him into the bogs of Ballinhassig, and that they were encamped at Inniscarra the night before the battle. Also, he described the rout of the Spanish forces, the siege of Dunboy, the grand march of the O'Sullivans to the North. He would treat Benburb and its hero, Owen Roe; the Boyne, Aughrim, Limerick and Sarsfield; Wexford and its heroes at New Ross and Vinegar Hill; the Round Towers, and their probable use and history; Fion M'Cumhail, Ossian, Oscar, Diarmid, Cuhullan, Con-righ, of Slieve Mish, and their exploits; the famous monasteries, their founders and saints, always reciting a few verses from some national poet to illustrate his account.

I can assure your readers that that good Irishman (may God prolong his days) had never any reason to regret his teaching; he was not in fear of his passes before the inspector, nor the bishop at confirmation, and he turned out on the world as good and brave a lot of independence-loving Irishmen as any man of his time, and hasn't cause to regret it. He never acted as parish clerk, though the school was attached to the church, and never acted as lick-spittle to his parish priest and manager, and was respected by him. It is in this way possible for every National teacher to do likewise—if not openly, it can be done prudently by the assistants, who can snap their fingers at Morley's Board. When the boys grow up they will read the books on Irish history, and study for themselves, once the taste for it is instilled young, and I did not know one so handled at school but followed it up. Next let the Young Ireland and Young Men's Society get books on Irish history in their libraries, and they will be used. Put pressure on your colleges by showing them up in the press to take on the teaching of history in their programme. Then let the richer portion of your workingmen send to the forge, that good old school of Irish freedom, their *United Ireland*, *Weekly Independent* and *Shamrock*, when written for by Mrs. Pender and Edward Finneran, and Mr. Murphy, and I pledge you that Irish history will get a stimulus that Morley's peelers won't stop. Hoping you will think this worthy of insertion, I remain truly a workingman.

LISSA CAHA.

THE COMERAGH LAKES.

From Clonmel to the lake district of the Comeragh Mountains, the county of Waterford offers to the general visitors one of the most attractive drives in this neighborhood. From the moment you cross the new bridge over the Suir until you stand beneath the shadow of the dark cliff that towers some 1,300 feet in height over the deep waters of Coumshinawn, there is a variety of scenery that, once seen, will not soon be forgotten by even the most careless observer. You pass first by many pleasant villas, adorning the suburbs of Clonmel; then by the old Castle of Tickencor, and the ivy-clad towers of Derrinlaur; along through the overhanging woods of Gurteen, until the modern castle of the de la Poer family breaks upon the view. What lovely vistas you get in journeying on, especially when passing along the verge of the Slate Quarry Glen, down which the stream is brightly dancing, shadowed deeply by overhanging foliage. A more open country stretches away in the direction of the Comeraghs, where the scene grows wilder. A hundred years ago this locality was the haunt of a celebrated highwayman, Crotty the Robber, with whose daring exploits "Ireland Sixty Years Ago" made us familiar. Embosomed in the purpling heath, rippling with many breezes that, even in the very midst of summer, will occasionally sweep through the neighboring ravines, the Comeragh Lakes break at last upon the view. The principal lake, Coumshinawn, is approached by a pathway through scattered masses of rock and boulder. The ascent, though long, is not very difficult. Numerous flocks of goats, startled by your presence, bound from crag to crag across the stream and glen. From the summit of the precipice, which overhangs the lake, and fully 1,300 feet high, the eye ranges over a scene of vast extent and remarkable variety. Below sleeps the broad dark lake, with the restless shadows of the shifting clouds flitting ever across its surface. Enormous piles of frowning rocks, green at their base, with luxuriant lichens and sedgy grass, or brown and purple with heather, present their rugged fronts as guardians of the place. More distant still the great chequered plain, for such the undulating country seems; and beyond all

"The murmuring main
Darts a brilliant lustre."

To the left lies Crotty's lake with its own great towering precipice, and within range other mountain tarns, including Coumfee, the Cumloughs, and the Stillogues. In returning to Clonmel, the route by Glen Poer lies through an exceedingly interesting district—one of the most prominent features being the old Castle of Ballyclough, the ruins of which consist chiefly in a time worn and circular tower dating back, tradition asserts, to the time of the Danes. This statement must, however, be taken *cum grano salis*.

"STHUL-A-CRUTHA"—CROTTY'S ROCK.

BY EDWARD TOURHILL.

From cottage and hamlet the smoke is ascending,
The sun high in heaven his course on is wending,
And in silvery streaks down the side of the mountain
The streams outward rush, forming many a fountain.
O'er the tall cliffs of Com'ra the eagle is sweeping,
The hare through the heather is stealthily creeping;
From corrig to corrig the goats up are bounding,
And, hark! through the valley a bugle is sounding.

Near a half-ruined shieling a maiden is crouching,
Who wistfully watches some soldiers debouching;
Her gaze is quite fixed, and her heart quick is beating,
She seems for some terrible crisis awaiting.

From the glen stretching westward, beyond the broad Rosses,
Swift as a wild deer a traveler crosses,
He makes for the mountain o'er hill and through hollow,
Whilst behind him, pursuing, both horse and foot follow.

Now up the steep mountain he pants and he scrambles
Though bullets drop round among the heath brambles.
He's tired—he's falling—he rises—he's kneeling,
And the foremost among them is hurt beyond healing.

Now onward again he is bounding with vigor,
And there's death to a foe when he touches a trigger;
But still as he halts he is losing his distance,
And 'tis madness to make any further resistance.

With body bent forward, and hair wildly streaming,
Distractedly now that poor maiden is screaming;
"Oh, bear him," she cries, "but to yon beetling corrig,
Angus be aha nasplach le na sid eurie darrig."

On the ridge of the mountains now madly he's rushing,
His hat is shot off, but no blood yet is gushing;
He gains a tall cliff, and the soldiers are cheering,
No means of escape any longer appearing.

One shout of defiance, one bound from the rock,
And a thousand feet under the lake feels the shock,
And there in a cave o'er the edge of the water,
The outlaw can laugh at the bullet and halter.

And [illegible] he's [illegible] safe from the red soldiers.

NOTE—Near Comeragh and over the Rosses, in the county Waterford, there is a rock which rises perpendicularly to a great height, and from the top of which an outlaw named Crotty, when hotly pursued by the military, plunged into the lake which lies at its base, and entering a cave over the water's edge, succeeded in evading his pursuers.—*Waterford Citizen.*

Where Teakwood Grows.

In the heart of untrodden jungles, on thick-wooded hillsides, leaning over the brinks of precipices, where tropical creepers twist like snakes choking the life out of younger growths, where orchids flaunt aloft, and strange vines bloom, there the teakwook grows. Against its corrugated bark tigers and leopards sharpen their claws, and under its thick shade strange beasts rest by day. That atom of animate destruction the white ant, has passed it by. Other growths have reared their heads out of the jungle around it, have grown, have lived their day, died, and rotted back to the roots which supplied them with life. In comparison man has been a midget, a mote in the sun, hunting his fellow animals with flint-headed arrows and stone axes, flitting, passing, gone; but the great oaks have grown, have spread their arms benignantly over the dust of tiny shapes beneath, and, planted in dignity, have stood as emblems of strength and power in meditations lasting one, two, three, five and six hundred years. They have secreted the units of time in their hearts as a maiden hides the thoughts of her first love. Days have come as thick as the snows that fall on Kunchinjinga, or as the waves crowding one another to the shores of the Bengal Sea. And then, as if to give color to the superstition of the hill-man long since gone with his tribe to the land where shadows fall deeper than those cast by the teak tree in the jungle, out of these emblems of strength has grown a weakness that has overthrown a nation.

The first oak of Burmah to be felled by a white man was symbolic of the nation's fall, and when the visitor to Mandalay is shown the king's palace, and reads the inscription on one side of a bungalow-like veranda: "King Theebaw sat in this opening with his two queens and the queen mother when he gave himself up to Gen. Prendergast on the 30th day of November, 1885," if he cares to continue the fancy, he will notice that on each side of this opening the oaken carvings are broken and defaced, as if the events which changed a dynasty had leaned upon the teakwood, and it had fallen beneath the weight.—*The Century for October.*

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THE GAELIC CLASS.

The Gaelic Class meets every Sunday from 2:30 to 6 o'clock p.m., in St. Patrick's Academy, Desplaines street, north of St. Patrick's church, second floor. Books can be obtained at the school from a member of the class.

GOV. CURTIN IS DEAD.

LAST OF THE WAR GOVERNORS SUMMONED HENCE.

Old Age the Cause of His Departure, His Years Nearly Reaching Four Score—A Public Career That Began Early and Became Part of the History of His Country—Dr. O. W. Holmes, the Poet, Dead.

BELLEFONTE, Pa., Oct. 8.—Ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin died at 5 o'clock yesterday morning. His end was peaceful, he having been unconscious during the last twelve hours. All the members of his family were at the bedside when he passed away. Mr. Curtin had been in feeble health for some weeks, but his condition grew serious on Thursday last and from that time he sank rapidly. Death was

ANDREW GREGG CURTIN.

caused by old age—the ex-governor being in his 80th year—combined with nervous trouble which, upon reaching the vital point in the brain, ended his life. When the case first took on a serious aspect physicians were summoned, but they then abandoned all hopes of recovery, and the death of the old war governor was not a surprise.

Pennsylvania's War Governor.

Andrew Gregg Curtin was the chief executive of the Keystone State during the civil war, and because his services to his country were so great then he is chiefly known as Pennsylvania's "war governor." But his public services, aside from those he rendered during the great contest, were of sufficient importance to have given a lesser man lasting fame. He served in congress for several years, he represented the United States government for three years at the court of the czar of all the Russias, and was a lawyer of extended practice. He was a native of Bellefonte, Pa., and was born April 22, 1815. His father, who was from County Clare, Ireland, established one of the first iron manufactories in Pennsylvania.

When Law and Politics Were Mates.

He was educated at the common schools of Bellefonte and the academy at Milton, and when he had finished the course of the latter institution two professions were open to him—the law and the ministry. He chose the former, and was admitted to the bar in 1839. He won his first case, and quickly built up a good practice. The law and politics were mixed more closely related in those days than they are now, and when Curtin was only 23 he took the stump for William Henry Harrison. Four years later he did the same service for Henry Clay, and in 1848 and 1852 he was a Whig elector.

One of the Original Republicans.

He was strongly urged for governor in 1854, but declined the honor and worked with unbounded zeal for his schoolmate, Governor Pollock, who was elected. Curtin becoming his secretary of state. The Republican party was at that time in its formative state, and Curtin was one of its chief spirits. He was desirous of securing the Republican nomination for governor in 1860, and backed by Thaddeus Stevens, Galusha A. Grow, Alexander K. McClure, John W. Forney and Matthew Stanley Quay, all of them young men, but strong in the counsels of the new party, he won in the convention and was elected by a majority of 32,000 votes.

Was an Original Lincoln Man.

His first acts after his nomination were not put forth, however, in behalf of his own election, but were turned toward the national Republican nominating convention at Chicago. Everything seemed to point to the nomination of Seward, but along with David Dudley Field, Thaddeus Stevens, Horace Greeley, David Wilmot and others Mr. Curtin did not believe Seward's nomination would be likely to bring out the entire strength of the party at the polls, and he joined the other gentlemen named in the fight for Lincoln's nomination. All the world knows of the success of the movement and of the exciting national canvass that followed.

THEN CAME THE TUG OF WAR.

Stirring Events that Followed the Momentous Election of 1860.

All the world also knows of the revolt of the south against the result of that canvass—the election of a Republican president. Curtin first met Lincoln on Feb. 22 at Harrisburg. The president-elect was on his way to Washington, and at a private conference, at which Governor Curtin was present, the startling news was told that a plot against Lincoln's life had been discovered. Governor Curtin was foremost in devising the plan for Lincoln's secret journey to the national capital, that is now history. He invited Lincoln to spend the night at his house, and to allay suspicion left the remainder of the presidential party at the hotel. Instead of taking the president to his house, Curtin drove with him to the outskirts of the town, where a special train was in waiting, the telegraph wires having previously been cut to prevent news of Lincoln's movements becoming public.

Shortly after his inauguration President Lincoln called Governor Curtin to Washington and asked him to recognize the existence of civil war in a message to the Pennsylvania legislature. This Curtin did in a document that, considering the haste with which it was prepared and and all attendant circumstances, must be regarded as one of the strongest of modern state papers. Its effect was instantaneous—almost magical—and within forty-eight hours the state legislature had authorized the governor to raise and equip troops for the defense of the Union and had appropriated $3,000,000 to pay the bills. When Lincoln called for 75,000 men the soldiers of Pennsylvania were the first state volunteers to reach the national capital.

Then with wonderful foresight Governor Curtin asked and obtained from the legislature power to raise a reserve of not less than fifteen nor more than thirty regiments to serve for three years or till the close of the war, the forces to be transfered to the general government if necessary. They were ready before the battle of Bull Run. They were offered to the government in time to have taken part in that engagement, but were not accepted. They were sent to Washington to defend the capital, however, when the Union forces were routed, but their existence even was unknown to President Lincoln until they appeared before the capital.

The conference of the governors at Altoona Sept. 24, 1862, was the result of correspondence between Curtin and Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, and personal interviews between these two and President Lincoln. Its outcome was the famous address indorsing Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. Throughout the war Governor Curtin supported Lincoln's policy unswervingly. He left the gubernatorial chair in 1867 and was shortly afterward mentioned for United States senator, but was defeated by Simon Cameron. He was also named for vice president in the convention of 1868, but Schuyler Colfax secured the nomination.

Curtin worked earnestly for the election of Grant and Colfax that year and was made minister to Russia by the president, holding the post for three years and returning home in 1872. During the nine years immediately following Mr. Curtin was not in public life. Then he was nominated for congress as a Democrat in 1881, and being elected served for six years. At the close of the forty-ninth congress he retired to his home in Bellefonte, and the remainder of his life was devoted entirely to business pursuits.

DEATH OF DR. O. W. HOLMES.

The Famous Poet and Author Passes Away at His Boston Home.

BOSTON, Oct. 8.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, famous as a poet and author, died at his residence on Beacon street at 12:15 p. m., yesterday, from a complication of diseases. Dr. Holmes had been in feeble health for a long time, and although an iron constitution had long baffled disease it was at last shattered. The last hours of Dr. Holmes were passed quietly, with his family by his bedside. Dr. Holmes returned from Beverly Farms about ten days ago, and the removal greatly fatigued him, and it is thought, hastened his end. The family residence was in darkness and apparently deserted yesterday, and few knew that Dr. Holmes was in Boston. The news of his death was kept quiet until a late hour last night.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born at Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 29, 1809. He was graduated at Harvard college in 1829 and began the study of law, which he soon abandoned for that of medicine. After taking his degree of M. D., he spent some time in the hospitals at Paris and other European cities. He returned to Boston in 1836, and began practicing. In 1838 he was elected professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth college, and in 1847 was appointed to a similar professorship in the medical school of Havard university, from which he retired in 1882.

But it is chiefly as a writer that Dr. Holmes is known. As early as 1831 his contributions appeared in various periodicals, and his reputation as a poet was established by the delivery of a metrical essay entitled "Poetry," which was followed by others in rapid succession. In 1857 he began in the Atlantic Monthly a series of articles under the title of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which were followed in 1860 by "The Professor at the Breakfast Table;" in 1872 by the "Poet at the Breakfast Table," and in 1885 by "The New Portfolio." In addition he has published "Astræa," 1850; "Current and Counter Currents in Medical Science," 1861; "Elsie Venner, a Romance of Destiny," 1861; "Border Lands in Some Provinces of Medical Science," 1862; "Songs on Many Keys," 1864, and numerous poems recited at various reunions and dinners.

As a writer of songs, lyrics and poems for festive occasions he had long occupied the first place. In 1886 he visited England, where he was received with great cordiality. He had contributed largely to current medical literature as well as to literary journals and reviews and for a long time held a warm place in the hearts of the people as a lecturer. A series of genial papers from his pen, entitled "Over the Tea Cups" appeared in The Atlantic Monthly during 1890. The latter years of his life had been spent in quiet retirement at Beverly Falls Farm, broken occasionally by a lecture to the Harvard students.

FUNERAL OF PROF. SWING.

Three Thousand Persons Attend the Services—Order of Obsequies.

CHICAGO, Oct. 4.—Professor David Swing died at his residence in this city at 8:10 last evening of blood poisoning brought on by an attack of jaundice.

CHICAGO, Oct. 8.—The funeral services of the late Professor David Swing were held yesterday afternoon in Central Music hall, where he had preached for so many years. The services were attended by 3,000 people, and fully as many more were unable to obtain admission, which was by card. Relatives of the deceased and immediate friends accompanied the body from the residence on Lake Shore drive to Central Music hall. The coffin was placed on the platform, but was not opened, this being one of the wishes Professor Swing often expressed.

The music was by the First Presbyterian church choir. The order of services was as follows:

Music—"The Better Land".....Quartette
Reading of scripture.....Dr. H. W. Thomas
Music—"Lead, Kindly Light".....Quartette
Prayer.....Rev. T. C. Hall
Solo—"Calvary".....George Ellsworth Holmes
Address.....Dr. John H. Barrows
Music—"The Homeland".....Quartette
Benediction.

The body was placed in the vault at Rosehill.

Farmers' National Congress Adjourns.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Oct. 6.—The fourteenth annual session of the Farmers' National congress has adjourned to meet at Atlanta, Ga., next fall. A resolution favoring the election of United States senators by the people was indefinitely postponed. A resolution favoring restricted immigration was adopted. A resolution favoring free coinage of silver was voted down.

RETURNS FROM CONNECTICUT.

Republicans Gain Twenty-Three Towns in the State.

HARTFORD, Oct. 4.—Returns from all except two out of 164 towns in this state that held local elections Monday show a Republican gain of twenty-three towns. The majorities are not complete yet, but indicate a Republican majority sufficient to elect a governor without the election being thrown into the legislature at the November election. Of the towns heard from 106 went Republican, twenty-nine Democratic and twenty-seven were divided. Last year eighty-three went Republican, fifty Democratic and twenty-nine were divided. The two missing towns are Sterling, in Windom county, and New Fairfield, in Fairfield county. Both of these were divided in politics last year.

Democratic by 30,000 Majority.

ATLANTA, Oct. 4.—A lighter vote was polled in the state election yesterday than was cast two years ago. The Democratic ticket was elected by a majority estimated at 30,000. Atkinson, Democrat for governor ran behind his ticket. Many old soldiers either scratched him or voted for Hines, Populist. Fulton county, outside of Atlanta, went for the Populist ticket. Populists make gains in almost every county and will have nearly forty members of the legislature.

CORBETT COMES TO TIME.

He Will Fight Fitzsimmons for the World's Championship.

BOSTON, Oct. 4.—William A. Brady said last night that Corbett will post $10,000 to fight Fitzsimmons, and a conference will be held in New York Oct. 11. In addition to this Corbett has received official notice that the Olympic club has declared Fitzsimmons heavyweight champion, and that he will defend the club's action in February, 1895, against the best man that can be found. The club has also notified Fitz of what is expected of him.

The following reply was wired immediately by Corbett: "Your resolutions received. Cheer up and be merry; there's only one bite to a cherry.

"JAMES J. CORBETT."

Brady has also telegraphed the New York stakeholder to transfer the $1,000 deposited with him in behalf of Steve O'Donnell to Corbett's name, to cover the deposit made by Fitzsimmons for a fight with the champion. This amount, with $2,000 to be deposited with David W. Blanchard, of this city, will make up the $10,000.

WHICH IS THE CHAMPION?

Baltimore Has the Pennant and New York the Temple Cup.

NEW YORK, Oct. 3.—Base ball circles are "all tore up" over the championship situation. Here is Baltimore flying the pennant when it has been demonstrated that she lacks a whole lot of being the best club in the League—unless she has "laid down" during the Temple cup games.

For the Giants have added the fourth game of that series of seven to their record by a score of 16 to 3, and the average New York base ball enthusiast is wearing the scalp of the Monumental City at his belt, as it were.

It is said that the receipts for the four games will amount to about $35,000. Of this the Giants will get $16,000. As the New York players will receive as his share nearly $1,600. The Baltimores will have about $9,000 to divide up amongst fourteen players after their expenses are paid.

MOONSHINE CRIME IN IOWA.

Deputy United States Marshal Fatally Shot by Masked Men.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 9.—A telegram to The Tribune from Albea, Ia., says: O. D. Wray, deputy United States marshal, was fatally shot there by moonshiners. Wray had arrested Gabe Johnson, a boot-legger, and was taking him to a train bound for Council Bluffs. When near the station a gang of masked men to which Johnson belonged sprang out from an alley and ordered Wray to release his prisoner.

Johnson started to run and Wray grabbed him. Then the assassins opened fire on Wray with shot guns, putting 100 shot in his back, and all escaped. The man recently came to that country from Kentucky and it is believed ran an illicit still in the country there. They will be lynched if captured.

CATASTROPHE IN NIGARAGUA.

Military Barracks Blown Up and Kills Two Hundred Persons.

PANAMA, Oct. 9.—A dispatch to The Star and Herald from Grenada, Nicaragua, says: "A terrible catastrophe has occurred here. The military barracks have been blown up and a whole quarter of the city has been badly damaged. The number of dead is estimated at 200. The number of wounded is much greater, but no exact estimate is yet obtainable.

Twine Trust Has a Rival.

CHICAGO, Oct. 6.—It is learned from the best authority that the United States Cordage company has a robust rival in the shape of the Deering Harvester company of this city, which will make its own binding twine hereafter. A plant is now being constructed which will turn out forty tons per day. The Deering company could not make satisfactory terms with the United States Cordage company and wanted better twine, so it will make the twine itself. So says the authority referred to.

Locomotive Firemen in Council.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 9.—The seventh annual convention of the delegates of the different lodges of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen on the Gould system is in session here. General Chairman George P. Reed, Ossawatomie, Kan., presided. During the convention officers for the ensuing year will be elected, the financial affairs of the past year straightened out, and general matters pertaining to the order discussed.

Nominates Another Russell.

BOSTON, Oct. 9.—The state Democratic convention, over which ex-Governor William E. Russell presided, nominated John E. Russell for governor and Charles E. Stanton for lieutenant governor. The platform is a regulation Democratic statement of the issues.

Three More Forest Fire Victims.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 8.—A Hinckley, Minn., special says: Three more bodies have been found five miles west of here, near the Tamarac river. One was recognised as that of George Evans, of Fifield, Wis.

Fire in the Antwerp Exposition.

ANTWERP, Oct. 9.—Fire visited the "Old Antwerp" section of the exhibition here and totally destroyed six houses together with their contents. The loss is heavy.

NEWS OF THE STATE.

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO THE PEOPLE OF ILLINOIS.

Happenings and Doings in All Parts of the State Reported by Telegraph and Placed Where They Can Be Readily Perused by Our Own People.

PRINCETON, Ills., Oct. 8.—The jury in the Pinkerton conspiracy case from Spring Valley, on trial in the circuit court here, after being out all night returned a verdict finding the five defendants guilty and fixing the penalty for four of them at imprisonment in the penitentiary.

Peter Lauer, mayor of Spring Valley, and Peter Klumac, an occasional police officer, were given one and a half years in the penitentiary, and Frank Barowski and Anna, his wife, were given one year each. John Gulzon, superintendent of the city water department, was found guilty of riot, for which the sentence will be fixed by the court.

The verdict entirely exonerates Pinkerton and Bohen of the charge of criminal assault on Mrs. Barowski that was proferred against them in the court room at Spring Valley and which was partially the means of inciting the mob against them at Spring Valley. The mob, it will be remembered, attacked the defendants in the first trial before the evidence for the defence had been begun. Pinkerton escaped to the coal shaft, but was followed, knocked down and while he lay unconscious Mrs. Barowski beat him until he was thought to be dead. The mob even refused to permit a physician to attend to Pinkerton, but he finally recovered. Bohen got away without serious injury, the mob concentrating its rage on Pinkerton.

Lauer was prominent in the attack on Pinkerton, having prevented him from defending himself, struck him with a chair and urged the crowd on. His conviction leaves Spring Valley mayorless again. He was a councilman when the riot took place and his election to the mayoralty is alleged to have been for the purpose of assisting him in his trial, which it failed, it seems, to do. The feeling at Spring Valley between the supporters of the convicted official and those arrayed against him is both intense and bitter and threatens to develop serious results injurious to the interests of the city.

A Hollow Log Was His Bank.

SHELBYVILLE, Ills., Oct. 9.—Andrew Ferguson, an old resident of Ashgrove township, whose dead body was recently found in a field near his home, was a singular character. He had no confidence in banks, and any money he chanced to have was stowed away in any out of the way place. An inventory of personal effects after his death failed to show a considerable sum in cash known to have been in his possession. Search was a failure, but the money, $1,020, was accidentally found in a hollow log.

Receiver for a Rolling Mill.

PEORIA, Ills., Oct. 9.—In the Peoria county circuit court B. J. Greenhut, secretary and treasurer, was appointed receiver for the Peoria Iron and Steel company, a rolling mill in Averyville. Greenhut, president of the whisky trust, says the company owes him $64,743, and George J. [illegible] for money advanced for the purpose of adding new machinery. The total liabilities are given at $302,636.

Gen. Mann a Candidate.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 8.—Gen. Orrin L. Mann, ex-sheriff of Cook county, has filed a petition with the secretary of state for the nomination for state treasurer, representing the "independent Republican" ticket. The petition had 1,500 names and Secretary Hinrichsen acknowledged the receipt of the same and will place Mann's name on the state ticket.

Illinois Colleges Meet.

JACKSONVILLE, Oct. 5.—Illinois college, of Jacksonville; Monmouth college; Knox college, Galesburg; Blackburn university, Carlinville; Lake Forest university, and Illinois Wesleyan university, Bloomington, are represented here by the meeting of the interstate oratorical and athletic associations. The first day was devoted to games.

Damages Against a Railway.

PATTON, Ills., Oct. 6.—In the case of W. M. Wright, of this city, against the Lake Erie and Western Railway company, on trial here for ten days, the jury brought in a verdict of $9,500 damages in favor of the plaintiff.

Won First Prize in Oratory.

JACKSONVILLE, Ills., Oct. 6.—The first prize in oratory in the intercollegiate contest was voted to O. A. Hauerbach, of Knox, and the second P. A. McCarthy, of Wesleyan.

State Notes.

Henry Smith, who, by impersonating reputable merchants, swindled business men in Chicago and other cities, has been arrested in San Francisco.

The Illinois state board of health has been advised of an outbreak of typhus fever in Havana and of diphtheria at Burnt Prairie, White county.

Mrs. B. Newmiller of Freeport, Ills., was accidentally shot through the right eye. She is still alive, but in a critical condition.

Democrats at Anna, Ills., nominated Judge Youngblood of Carbondale for congress and declared for free coinage of silver.

Mrs. Bridget Hennessy was killed at Chebanse, Ills., by an Illinois Central train.

Chicago police are looking for Frank Harrison, who is alleged to have operated a school for educating children in crime.

T. B. Talcott of Rockton, Ills., who died a few days ago, bequeathed a valuable house and lot to the Congregational church there.

Thornton Parker, 60, a colored veteran, was run over and killed by an electric car at Cairo, Ills.

Hardy Miller was arrested at Rapote, Ills., charged with forging a check for $175.

Crawford, Populist candidate for congress in the Springfield, Ills., district, denies that he will withdraw.

A runaway horse dragged Beulah Jamison, an 11-year-old girl to death at Elliott, Ills.

Mrs. Martin Stankewicz was burned to death at Kankakee, Ill., while trying to start a fire with kerosene oil.

Mabel Weisentiner, a schoolgirl of Ledd, Ills., was killed by the kick of a horse.

Henry Keistel, a farmer living near Carlyle, Ills., was swindled out of $1,000 by three confidence men.

FATAL FIRE AT DETROIT.

Six Firemen Crushed to Death Under Falling Walls.

DETROIT, Oct. 6.—Six men are dead, ten are more or less severely injured, and $80,000 worth of property was destroyed by the burning of Keenan & Jahn's five-story furniture establishment on Woodward avenue. The dead, all of whose bodies have been recovered from the ruins, are: Michael H. Donoghue, lieutenant of chemical engine company; J. R. Doly, John W. Pagel, Julius Cummings, and Martin Ball, pipemen; Frederick Bussey, electrical worker and substitute fireman.

The injured: Frank E. Stocks, fireman, head and face frightfully cut; Michael C. Gray, fireman, scalp wounds, back and arm hurt; John B. Newell, truckman, scalp cut, arm and leg bruised; Thomas C. Garry, fireman, scalp badly wounded, severe body bruises; Patrick J. Rourke, lieutenant engine company, slightly injured; R. Cronin, pipeman, slightly hurt; Leslie E. McNamara, fireman, head cut, hand smashed and minor injuries; Henry Kimberly, fireman, scalp and arms wounded; Henry Herig, fireman, leg broken, face cut; Fred Drahelm, injured internally, condition critical.

The fire apparently originated at the bottom of the elevator shaft and swept upward with tremendous swiftness. About sixty-five persons were at work in the manufacturing portion of the building in the upper stories, but all escaped unhurt. The water supply seemed at first inadequate and the building was soon ruined. After the interior of the structure had been partially burned out it became apparent that the front and rear walls were in danger of falling, but Fire Chief Elliott permitted his men to advance with their hose as close as possible, both from front and rear. Suddenly the front wall sagged forward and the great mass of hot bricks, timber and iron crashed to the sidewalk with a tremendous roar.

Almost at the same instant the rear wall crumbled and fell into the alley at the rear. Above the tumult of the panic-stricken crowd rose the shrieks of the wounded and imprisoned firemen. Sixteen in all were in the path of the tumbling walls, and all were caught, but ten escaped alive after a few seconds of thrilling experiences. Their comrades worked to rescue the dying and remains of the dead in the hot ruins amid a blinding smoke, and all were recovered, but none of the six had survived, and their limp and crushed remains were in some cases almost unrecognizable.

Chief Elliott is being roundly scored for risking the lives of his men when, it is claimed, there was no call for such an action. He said they had no reason to believe the walls were unsafe. The walls of the building are alleged to have been unsafe. An investigation will probably be held.

BLOOMFIELD BANK ROBBERY.

One of the Bandits Run Down and Part of the Money Recovered.

BLOOMFIELD, Ind., Oct. 6.—The robbers who dynamited the Bloomfield bank safe on Wednesday night and got away with nearly $5,000 in cash were run down with a posse and bloodhounds near this place. A desperate fight was kept up and the robbers finally surrendered. Before doing so three of them, one of whom was shot down. He was taken to Swits City, four miles from here and gave his name as Charles Rivers of Indianapolis. He had $1,100 of the stolen money on his person. He is badly wounded and will die. The other two robbers eluded the posse and have not yet been taken.

Three Trainmen Instantly Killed.

SEYMOUR, Ia. Oct. 9.—A westbound fast freight train on the Rock Island jumped the track at Sleepy Hollow, a small station near here, last evening. Twenty freight cars followed the engine into the gorge and Engineer Gerald Nolan, Fireman Marshall Lower and Head Brakeman Charles E. Dempsey, all of Trenton, Mo., were instantly killed. Conductor Sam Van Hook was injured.

Looks Like Double Murder.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Oct. 9.—A mysterious murder and suicide, or double murder has occurred in this city. John Tierney was found with a bullet hole in his right temple. His wife was lying near him with a bullet hole in her left breast while a pistol lay a few feet away. Suspicion points to murder.

MARKETS BY TELEGRAPH.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.

Money on call easy. Offered at 1 per cent. Prime mercantile paper, 3@5 per cent. Sterling exchange strong with actual business in bankers' bills 486¾@487 for demand and 483¾@483 for sixty days; posted rates 486½@487. Commercial bills 484½@484¾.

Silver certificates, 63¼ bid; no sales; bar silver, 62. Mexican dollars, 51¼.

United States bonds, 5's regular, 119; do 5's coupons, 119¾; do 6's regular, 113¾; do 4's coupons, 114; do 2's, regular, 96 bid; Pacific 6's of '95, 101.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Oct. 8.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—October, opened 52¾c, closed 51¾c; December, opened 54¾c, closed 53¾c; May, opened 58¾c, closed 58c. Corn—October, opened 42¾c, closed 41¾c; December, opened 40¾c, closed 40¼c; May, opened 41¾c, closed 41c. Oats—October, opened 23c, closed 23¼c; December, opened 26¾c, closed 26¾c; May, opened 34¼c, closed 33¾c. Pork—October, opened $13.00, closed $12.75; January, opened $12.80, closed $12.67½. Lard—October, opened $7.62½, closed $7.62½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 15c per lb; extra dairy, 12c; packing stock, 12@13c. Eggs—17c per doz, loss off. Live poultry—Chickens, 7@7½c per lb; ducks, 7½@8c; turkeys, 8@9c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per doz. Potatoes—Burbanks, 35@40c per bu; Hebrons, 35@35c; Rose, 35@37c; early Ohio, 35@35c. Sweet potatoes, Illinois, $1.40@1.75 per bbl. Apples—Common to choice, $1.00@3.00 per bbl. Cranberries—Cape Cod, choice, $8.00@9.50 per bbl; $2.50@3.00 per 1-bu box. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 12@15½c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 8@9c per lb.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Oct. 8.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 21,000; sales ranged at $3.25@4.38 pigs, $4.55@5.35 light, $4.60@4.90 rough packing, $4.70@5.35 mixed, and $4.85@5.40 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 23,000; quotations ranged at $5.65@6.25 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.60@5.50 good to choice do, $3.50@4.50 fair to good, $3.45@4.15 common to medium do, $3.15@3.75 butchers' steers, $2.30@2.95 stockers, $2.60@3.40 feeders, $1.25@2.90 cows, $2.40@3.20 heifers, $1.50@3.50 bulls, $2.80@3.10 Texas steers, $2.75@4.40 western rangers, and $3.00@4.80 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Receipts for the day, 25,000; prices ranged at $1.50@2.25 western, $1.30@2.80 Texans, $1.75@3.40 natives, and $1.50@4.25 lambs.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Oct. 3.

Martin Irons, who was a great strike leader in 1886, is now in jail in Texas on a charge of assault on a little girl, the child's mother being the complainant.

Milwaukee and St. Louis breweries have established bottling works at San Francisco.

Philip C. Reilly, consular agent of the United States at Bocas Del Toro, Colombia, is dead.

A guaranteed burglar-proof safe in the fire proof vaults of the State bank of Mediapolis, near Burlington, Ia., was blown almost to atoms by a tremendous charge of nitro-glycerine. Papers in the safe were blown to fragments and coin battered, bent and blown in all directions. The burglars secured about $4,000 and escaped on a railway hand car.

Soap has been substituted for wax on the recording surface of the phonograph by a Berlin inventor. The advantage gained is that soap is unaffected by ordinary changes of temperature.

Thursday, Oct. 4.

General Count Paskievitch, whose beautiful wife eloped (at the time of the second empire) with Lord Hamilton, of England, from Paris, was among the recent victims of cholera at St. Petersburg.

Dr. V. C. Vaughn, dean of the University of Michigan, medical faculty, believes that he has discovered a certain specific for tuberculosis. The product is called nuclein, and was recently made.

Sir Joseph Renals has been elected lord mayor of London.

Rabbi Solomon Schindler, of Boston, who recently withdrew from the ministry, is writing a sequel to "Looking Backward."

James Owens, who killed his father-in-law, Seneca Foblette, at Rockfort, Mo., last March, has been convicted of murder in the first degree.

Mgr. Sebolil says there is no foundation for the story that he will go to Rome.

The emperor of Japan, Mutisu Hito, is 42 years old. The young heir to the throne, Prince Yostu, is a lad of 15 years.

While the Portsmouth Baptist association was in session at Churchland, Va., the organist, Miss Maude Grimes, died at the organ from a congestive chill.

Friday, Oct. 5.

The Nebraska secretary of state has decided that the Bryan convention was the regular Democratic convention and the ticket nominated the one to go on the official ballot. The anti-Bryan men will appeal.

Later reports from the Georgia elections show that the Populists have made great inroads on the Democratic vote of the state, districts represented in congress by free silver Democrats showing the greatest Populist gains, there being considerable of a stump even in Crisp's district.

The Journal des Debats, referring to the war scare in England, says that there is no question between Great Britan and France which cannot be settled amicably.

In Butler, a village east of Rochester, N. Y., "Kike" Culliford publicly sold his wife to Ambrose Dratt, of Slyburg, for the nominal sum of 25 cents, which was immediately paid and the transfer duly made. The trade was satisfactory to all the parties.

One of the most violent college rushes ever seen in the state of Pennsylvania occurred between Freshmen and sophomores at Lafayette college, Easton, Pa., yesterday. They fought on the campus and their clothing was torn to tatters.

Saturday, Oct. 6.

The Rev. John Welker was knocked down and killed near Corydon, Ind., by David Wheat. The latter had received a note warning him to leave the country on peril of being "white-capped," which Welker undertook to secure. A quarrel followed, during which Wheat struck the minister with a billet of wood.

Pakhoi, in China, exports over 100,000 dried lizards, valued at $2,500 yearly; they are used for making "lizard wine," a medicine used for eye troubles.

English temperance men, headed by the duke of Westminster, have recently memorialized the German emperor through Count Hatzfeldt to assist in restricting or prohibiting the trade in liquor in the German colonies. This association labors under the title of the British United Committee for the Prevention of Demoralisation of Native Races by Liquor.

Saint Anthony's body is reported to have been lately stolen from the shrine of Padua, where it was kept, and was found afterward in a neighboring wood, despoiled of its valuable ornaments.

Monday, Oct. 1.

Commander-in-Chief Lawler, of the G. A. R., has appointed C. V. R. Pond, of Muskegon, Mich., inspector general; Matt. H. Ellis, of Yonkers, N. Y., judge advocate general, and J. L. Bennett, of Chicago, assistant adjutant general.

Hon. William L. Wilson, of West Virginia, has arrived at New York from his visit to Europe. He is much improved in health.

The creditors of Coffin & Stanton, the New York loan agents now in a receiver's hands, say they will be lucky if they get 10 per cent. of their claims.

Henry of Navarre, at Morris Park race course, beat Domino and Clifford, although he was an outsider. The race was 1 1-16 miles and the time was 1:52¾, only ¾ of a second behind the record.

Gray wolves are committing great depredations on Montana stock ranges.

Judge S. P. McConnell, of Chicago, has resigned his seat on the bench in order to practice at the bar.

Ex-Governor Foster, of Ohio, has settled with his creditors on the basis of 40 cents on the dollar.

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Dyspepsia

And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,

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TWO SOLDIERS

A Thrilling Army Romance of the Western Frontier.

By CAPT. CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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CHAPTER XIV.

The night wears on without alarm. Well nigh exhausted, Lane has thrown himself at the foot of a tree to catch what sleep he may, and he feels as though he had not closed his eyes when Corp. Shea bends over him to say it is 2 o'clock. Noiselessly the men are aroused; silently they roll out of their blankets, and obedient to the low toned "fall in" of the first sergeant, seize their arms and take their place in line. There Lane briefly explains the situation; tells them of the position of the Apache bivouac; details Corp. Riley and four men to search for, secure and his away with the prisoners, and orders all the rest to fight like the devil to drive the Apaches helter skelter into the rocks.

"Let not one word be said nor a trigger pulled until we are right among them. Wait for my command, unless we are detected and fired on. If we are, blaze away at once; but never stop your rush: get right in among them. Let Riley and his men make instant search, be sure they leave neither woman nor child behind, and start them back here. The rest of us will fall back slowly, keeping between them and the Apaches all the time. Never let them get near those prisoners. That is the main object of our attack. Once back here with the horses, we can pick out places in the rocks from which we can stand the Apaches off until K troop comes. Rest assured Lieut. Mason and his men will be along by 8 or 9; and it cannot be that the cavalry now pursuing the Apaches from the north will be more than a few hours behind. Now, do you understand? for there will be no chance of orders up there. Leave your canteens; leave anything that will hinder or rattle. Those of you who have on spurs, take them off. Those of you who have Tonto or Apache moccasins, take off your top boots and put them on; they are all the better for going up these hillsides. Now get your coffee, men; make no noise, light no additional fires, and be ready to move in twenty minutes."

Then he pencils this brief note:

"Commanding Officer Troop K, Eleventh Cavalry:

"We have headed the Apaches and will attack their camp the instant it is light enough to see, rescue their captives, then fall back here to [illegible] gorge of the San Simon. They [illegible] numbers, and you can not reach [illegible] count upon [illegible] morning, and how[illegible] hold the enemy until Gr[illegible]nd arrives. Then we ought to capture the whole band. Do not fail me.

"FREDERICK LANE,
"Captain Eleventh Cavalry."

This he gave to Sergt. Luce, with orders to ride back on the trail until he meets K troop and deliver it to Lieut. Mason or whoever is in command, and in half an hour Luce is away.

And now, just as the dawn is breaking and a faint pallid light is stealing through the tree tops along the rocky range, there come creeping slowly, noiselessly along the slope a score of shadowy forms, crouching from bowlder to bowlder, from tree to tree. Not a word is spoken, save now and then a whispered caution. Foremost, carbine in hand, is the captain, now halting a moment to give some signal to those nearest him, now peering ahead over the rocks that bar the way. At last he reaches a point where, looking down the dark and rugged hillside before him, he sees something which causes him to unsling the case in which his field glasses are carried, to gaze thither long and fixedly. With all eyes upon their leader, the men wait and listen; some cautiously try the hammers of their carbines and loosen a few cartridges in the loops of their prairie belts. A signal from Lane brings Mr. Royce, the young second lieutenant, to his side. It is the boy's first experience of the kind, and his heart is thumping, but he means to be one of the foremost in the charge when the time comes. Watching closely, the nearest men can see that the captain is pointing out some object nearer at hand than they supposed, and the first sergeant, crouching to a neighboring rock, looks cautiously over, and then eagerly motions to others to join him.

The Apache hiding place is not three hundred yards away.

Down the mountain side to the west and up the range to the north their sentries keep vigilant guard against surprise; but what man of their number dreams for an instant that on the south, between them and the Mexican line, there is now closing in to the attack a little troop of veteran campaigners, led by a man whom they have learned to dread before now? Invisible from the valley below or the heights up the range, their smoldering fires can be plainly seen from where Lane and his men are now concealed. But nothing else can be distinguished.

Far over to the western side of the valley the faint red glow tells where lie the ruins of the ranch their young warriors had destroyed, and any moment now their exultant yells may be heard as they come scampering back to camp after a night of deviltry, and then everybody will be up and moving off and well on the way southward before the sun gets over the crest. Lane knows he must make his dash before they can return. There would be little hope of rescue for the poor souls lying there bound and helpless, with all those fierce young fighters close at hand.

The word is passed among the men: "Follow closely, but look well to your footing. Dislodge no stones." Then, slowly and stealthily as before, on they go—this time down the hill towards the faint lights of the Indian bivouac. A hundred yards more and Lane holds up his hand, a signal to halt; and here he gives Mr. Royce a few instructions in a low tone. The youngster nods his head and mutters to several of the men as he passes: "Follow me." They disappear among the rocks and trees to the right, and it is evident that they mean to work around to the east of the bivouac, so as to partially incircle them. Little by little the wan light grows brighter, and close at hand objects far more distinct. An Indian is just passing in front of the nearest blaze and is lost in the gloom among the stunted trees. One or two forms are moving about, but they can only dimly be distinguished. Lane argues, however, that they are getting ready to move and no time is to be lost.

"Spread out now," is the order, "well to the right and left, and move forward. Be very careful." And once more they resume their catlike advance. Nearer and nearer they creep upon the unsuspecting foe, and soon many a form of sleeping Apache can be made out, lying around in the grassy basin in which they are hiding for the night. Lane motions to Corp. Riley to come close to his side. "I can see nothing that looks like prisoners: they must be among the trees there, where that farthest fire is burning. Keep close to me with your men. Pass the word to the right, there. All ready."

And now they are so near the Indians that the voices of one or two squaws can be heard chatting in low tones; then the feeble wail of an infant is for a moment brought to their straining ears; then far out over the level valley to the west there is a sound that causes Lane's blood to tingle—faint, distant, but unmistakable—a chorus of Apache yells. The raiders are coming back; it is time to strike the blow. Now or never seems to be the word as the men glance at their leader and then into each other's faces.

"Forward! no shot, no sound, till they see us: then cheer like mad as you charge! Come on, men!"

Quickly now following his lead, they go leaping down the hillside. Thirty—fifty yards without mishap or discovery. Sixty, and still no sound from the defense: then a sudden stumble, the rattle of a carbine sliding down the rocks, a muttered execration: then a shrill, piercing scream from the midst of the bivouac: then——

"Charge!"

In they go!—the "Devil's own D's." The still air rings with their wild hurrahs and the crash of their carbines. The flame jets light up the savage scene and show squaws and screaming children rushing for shelter among the rocks; Apache warriors springing from the ground, some manfully facing the rush of the foe, others fleeing like women down the hillside.

Never halting an instant, the soldiers dash through the camp, driving the dusky occupants helter skelter. Lane finds himself confronted one instant by a savage warrior whose eyes gleam like tiger's under the thatch of coarse black hair, and whose teeth gnash in fury as he tries to force a fresh cartridge into his breech loader. No time for Lane to reload. He clubs his carbine, and the hammer comes crashing down [illegible] the Indian's skull just as Corp. Riley drives a bullet through his heart.

"Look to the captives, man!" shouts Lane. "Don't follow me! Drive them! drive them, Royce!" are his ringing orders, as he himself dashes on past the fires and into the feeble morning light beyond.

Bang! bang! the carbines are ringing through the rocks and trees: cheer upon cheer goes up from the little command, mingled with Indian yells and the screams of the terrified children.

"Riley's got 'em, sir," he hears his boy trumpeter call. "Some of 'em, anyhow. There's two white women."

"Never mind, lad," he answers. "Don't sound the recall till I tell you."

And again his ringing voice is heard among the tumult: "Forward! forward! drive them! keep them on the run, men!"

And so for five minutes longer, firing whenever a savage head appears, inflicting and receiving many a savage blow, but still victoriously forcing their way onward, the little band follow their leader down the rocks until apparently not an Apache is left in the immediate neighborhood of the old camp. Then at last the trumpet peals out its signal recall.

And slowly and steadily, watchfully guarding against the possibility of leaving some wounded comrade among the rocks, the little command finally gathers once more around the fires in the camp.

Riley and his men have disappeared. A shout from up the rocks in the well known Irish voice gives the glad intelligence that he has brought with him all the prisoners he could find in camp.

"There are three women, sir, and two little children—two girls; they're so frightened that I can hardly find out much from them, but they say there was no more left."

"Very well, then. Now, men, open out right and left, and fall back very slowly. Sergeant, take six of the men and move up so as to be close to Riley in case they attack from the flank. Are we all here? Are any wounded or hurt?" He asks the question with a little stream of blood trickling down from his left temple, but of which he seems perfectly unaware; either an arrow or a bullet has torn the skin and made quite a furrow through the hair.

"Murphy, sir," says one of the men, "is shot through the arm, and Lathrop has got a bullet in the leg; but they're only flesh wounds; they're lying here just back of us."

Lane turns about and finds two of his men looking a little pale, but perfectly plucky and self possessed. "We'll get you along all right, men," he says; "don't worry. Now, lads, turn about every ten or fifteen steps, and see that they don't get close upon you. Look well to the left."

Then slowly they fall back towards the pass. Every now and then a shot comes whizzing by, as the Apaches regain courage and creep up to their abandoned camp. But not until they are well back over the ridge, and Riley and his little party, fairly carrying their rescued captives, are nearly out of harm's way, do the scattered warriors begin to realize how few in number their assailants must be. Rallying shouts can be heard among the rocks, and then there come the thunder of hoofs out on the plain below and the answering yells of the returning raiders.

"Run to Corp. Riley and tell him to make all the haste he can," Lane orders his trumpeter. "Tell him to go back to the horses, and then, as soon as he has left his women in a safe place there, to throw up stone shelters wherever it is possible. Royce, you look out for this front. I will go to the left. If any of your men are hit, have them picked up and moved rapidly to the rear: of course, we can't leave any wounded to fall into their hands; but, where possible, keep your men under cover: and keep under yourself, sir; don't let me see you exposing yourself unnecessarily, as I did a while ago."

And once again the retreat is resumed. Lane looks anxiously among the rocks down the hill to his left, every instant expecting to see the young braves hurrying to the assault. But now, as though in obedience to the signals of some leader, the Apaches cease their pursuit. Lane well knows that the matter is not yet concluded, but is thankful for the respite. Still warily his little force continues the withdrawal, and, without further molestation, reaches the gorge of the San Simon, and soon comes in sight of the dip among the rocks where the horses are still hidden. Here, too, Corp. Riley and his men are busily at work heaping up little breastworks of rock, and Lane directs that while the wounded—there are three now—are carried down to where the rescued women and children are lying, the other men fall to and help. In five minutes there are over a score of them at work, and not one instant too soon. Corp. Donnelly, who has been posted, mounted, at the western entrance to the defile, comes clattering in to say that at least a hundred Indians are swarming down the ridge.

And now the fight that opens is one in which the odds are greatly against the defenders. Lane has just time to climb to the height on the east and take one long look with his glasses over the flats beyond the pass, [illegible] for a sight of a dust cloud towar[illegible] Pyramid Spur, when with [illegible] crash of musketry and c[illegible]rus of yells the Apaches come sweeping down t[illegible] attack.

CHAPTER XV.

"For heaven's sake, sir, let's get ahead to his support."

Meantime, where are the looked for supports? Lane, with wearied horses, had made the march from the railway station to the pass in a little over fourteen hours. It was 5:30 when he started and 8:15 when he unsaddled among the rocks. He had come through the blazing sunshine of the long June day; sometimes at the trot, sometimes at the lope, ofttimes dismounting and leading when crossing ridges or ravines. He was still pale and weak from his long illness, and suffering from a sorrow that had robbed him of all the buoyancy he had ever possessed. But the sense of duty was as strong as ever, and the soldier spirit triumphed over the ills of the flesh.

Noel, starting at 4:45 p. m., with horses and men fresh and eager, with a guide who knew every inch of the way, and the bright starlight to cheer his comrades, could reasonably be expected to cover the same ground in the same time; every old cavalryman knows that horses travel better by night than by day. By good rights he and his men should be at the pass at least an hour before the time set by Lane. It was only a week before that the captain had declared at the Queen City that he had never felt so "fit" in his life, and a campaign would just suit him. Things seemed to have a different color, however, as he watched the going down of the sun behind the distant Peloncillos. The words of the young infantry adjutant kept recurring to him, and he knew of old that when Lane started after Indians he was "dead sure to get 'em," as Mr. Mason was good enough to remind him.

Twice before sunset the guide had ventured to suggest a quicker gait, but Noel refused, saying that he did not mean to get his horses to the scene worn out and unfit for pursuit. Mr. Mason, who heard this, begged to remind the captain that pursuit was not the object: they were expected to get there in time to help Lane head off the attempt at further flight, and to hold the Apaches, wherever met, until the pursuing force could reach them from the north and hem them in. Noel ranked Mason only a few files, and knew well that all the regiment would side with his subaltern; so he was forced to a show of cordiality and consideration. He rode by the lieutenant's side, assuring him of the sense of strength it gave him to have with him a man of such experience. "For your sake, Mason, I wish I had been twelve hours later, so that you could have had the glory of this thing to yourself; but you know I couldn't stand it. I had to pull wires like sin to get relieved, as it was. Old Hudson, the head of the recruiting service, just swore he wouldn't let me go, because I had had good luck in the class and number of the recruits I sent him. Personally, too, I'm in no shape to ride. See how fat I've grown!"

Mason saw, but said a fifty mile ride ought not to stagger any cavalryman, hard or soft, and made no reply whatever to the captain's account of how he succeeded in getting relieved. He didn't believe a word of it.

Night came on and found them still marching at a steady walk. Halts for rest, too, had been frequently ordered, and at last Mason could stand it no longer. After repeated looks at his watch he had burst out with an earnest appeal:

"Capt. Noel, we'll never get there in time at this rate. Surely, sir, the orders you got from the general must be different from those that came to the post. They said make all speed, lose not a moment. Did not yours say so, too?"

"The general knew very well that I had marched cavalry too often not to understand just how to get there in time," was Noel's stately reply; and, though chafing inwardly, Mason was compelled to silence. Ten o'clock came, and still it was no better. Then both the lieutenant and the guide, after a moment's consultation during a rest, approached the captain and begged him to increase the gait; and when they mounted, the command did, for a while, move on at a jog, which Mason would fain have increased to the lope, but Noel interposed. Midnight, and more rests, found them fully ten miles behind the point where the guide and lieutenant had planned to be. Even the men had begun to murmur among themselves, and to contrast the captain's spiritless advance with Mr. Mason's lively methods. Two o'clock, and the Pyramid range was still far away. Daybreak came, and Mason was nearly mad with misery, the guide sullen and disgusted. Broad daylight—6 o'clock—and here at last were the Pyramid buttes at their right front, and, coming toward them on the trail, a single horseman. "It is Sergt. Luce," said some of the foremost troopers.

And Luce had a note, which he handed to Lieut. Mason; but that gentleman shook his head and indicated Noel. The captain took it in silence, opened it, glanced over the contents, changed color, as all could see, and then inquired:

"How far is it, sergeant?"

"It must be fifteen miles from here, [illegible] I came slowly, because my horse [illegible]s worn out, and because Capt. Lane thought that I would meet the troop very much nearer the pass. It's more than fifteen miles, I reckon."

"Had the attack begun before you left?"

"Yes, sir: and I could hear the shots as I came out of the pass—hear them distinctly."

"May I inquire what the news is, captain?" said Mr. Mason, riding up to his side.

"Well," was the reply, "Lane writes that he has headed the Apaches, and that he is just moving in to the attack."

"Will you permit me to see the note, sir?" said Mason, trembling with exasperation at the indifferent manner in which it was received.

Noel hesitated: "Presently—presently, Mr. Mason. We'll move forward at a trot, now."

Sergt. Luce reined about, and, riding beside the first sergeant of K troop, told him in low tones of the adventures of the previous day and night, and the fact that the Apaches were there just north of the pass and in complete force. The result seemed to be, as the word was passed among the men, to increase the gait to such an extent that they crowded upon the leaders, and Noel, time and again, threw up his hand and warned the men not to ride over the heels of his horse.

Seven o'clock came, and still they had not got beyond the Pyramids. Eight o'clock, and they were not in sight of the pass. Nine o'clock, and still the gorge was not in view. It was not until nearly ten that the massive gateway seemed to open before them, and then, far to the front, their eager ears could catch the sound of very sharp and rapid firing.

"My God!" said Mason, with irrepressible excitement, "there's no question about it, captain, Lane's surrounded there! For heaven's sake, sir, let's get ahead to his support."

"Ride forward, sergeant," said Noel to Luce, "and show us the shortest way you know to where Capt. Lane has corraled his horses—I don't like the idea of entering that pass in column, Mr. Mason. The only safe way to do it will be to dismount and throw a line of skirmishers ahead. If Lane is surrounded the Apaches undoubtedly will open fire on us as we pass through."

"Suppose they do, sir; we've got men enough to drive them back. What we want is to get through there as quickly as possible."

But Noel shook his head, and, forming line to the front at a trot, moved forward a few hundred yards, and then, to the intense disgust of Mr. Mason, ordered the first platoon dismounted and pushed ahead as skirmishers. Compelled to leave their horses with number four of each set, the other troopers, sullenly, but in disciplined silence, advanced afoot up the gentle slope which led to the heights on the right of the gorge.

Not a shot impeded their advance; not a sound told them that they were even watched. But far up through the pass itself the sound of sharp firing continued, and every now and then a shrill yell indicated that the Apaches were evidently having the best of it.

Again Mason rode to his captain. "I beg you, sir," he said, "to let me take my platoon, or the other one, and charge through there. It isn't possible that they can knock more than one or two of us out of the saddle; and if you follow with the rest of the men they can easily be taken care of." But Noel this time rebuked him.

"Mr. Mason, I have had too much of your interference," he said, "and I will tolerate no more. I am in command of this troop, sir, and I am responsible for its proper conduct."

And Mason, rebuffed, fell back without further word.

The pass was reached, and still not a shot had been fired. Over the low ridge the dismounted troopers went, and not an Apache was in sight. Then at last it became evident that to cross the stream they would have to ford; and then the "recall" was sounded, the horses were run rapidly forward to the skirmish line, the men swung into saddle, the rear platoon closed on the one in front, and cautiously, with Mason leading and Noel hanging back a little as though to direct the march of his column, the troop passed through the river and came out on the other side. The moment they reached the bank Mason struck a trot without any orders and the men followed him.

Noel hastened forward, shouting out, "Walk, walk." But, finding that they either did not or would not hear him, he galloped in front of the troop and sternly ordered the leaders to decrease their gait and not again to take the trot unless he gave the command.

Just at this minute, from the heights to the right and left, half a dozen shots were fired in quick succession; a trooper riding beside the first sergeant threw up his arms, with the sudden cry: "My God! I've got it!" and fell back from the saddle. Noel at the same instant felt a twinge along his left arm, and, wheeling his horse about, shouted: "To the rear! to the rear! We're ambushed!" And, despite the rallying cry of Mason and the entreaties of the guide, the men, taking the cue from their leader, reined to the right and left about and went clattering out of the pass.

More shots came from the Apaches, some aimed at the fleeing troop and others at the little group of men that remained behind; for the poor fellow who had been shot through the breast lay insensible by the side of the stream, and would have been abandoned to his fate but for the courage and devotion of Mason and two of the leading men. Promptly jumping from their horses, they raised him between them, and, laying him across the pommel of one of the saddles, supported by the troopers, the wounded man was carried back to the ford, and from there out of harm's way.

By this time Noel, at full gallop, had gone four or five hundred yards to the rear, and there the first sergeant—not he—rallied the troop, reformed it, mounted fours, and faced it to the front.

When Mason returned to them, leading the two troopers and the dying man, his face was as black as a thunder cloud. He rode up to his captain, who was stanching with a handkerchief a little stream of blood that seemed to be coming down his left arm, and addressed to him these words:

"Capt. Noel, there were not more than six or eight Apaches guarding those heights. There was no excuse in God's world, sir, for a retreat. I can take my platoon and go through there now without difficulty, and once again, sir, I implore you to let me do it."

Noel's reply was, "I have already heard too much from you today, Mr. Mason. If I hear one more word you go to the rear in arrest. I am wounded, sir, but I will not turn over this command to you."

"Wounded be hanged! Capt. Noel, you've got a scratch of which a child ought to be ashamed," was the furious reply, upon which Noel, considering that he must at all hazards preserve the dignity of his position, ordered Lieut. Mason to consider himself in arrest. And, dismounting, and calling to one or two of the men to assist him, the captain got out of his blouse and had the sleeve of his undershirt cut off, and then, in full hearing of the combat up the pass, proceeded to have a scratch, as Mason had truly designated it, stanched and dressed.

Meantime, the troop, shamefaced and disgusted, dismounted and awaited further developments. For fifteen minutes they remained there, listening to the battle a mile away, and then there came a sound that thrilled every man with excitement—with mad longing to dash to the front: there came crashes of musketry that told of the arrival of strong re-enforcements for one party or another—which party was soon developed by the glorious, ringing cheers that they well recognized to be those of their comrades of Greene's battalion.

"By heavens!" said Mason, with a groan, "after all, we have lost our chance! It's Greene, not old K troop, that got there in time to save them."

The looks that were cast towards their new captain by the men, standing in sullen silence at their horses' heads, were not those that any soldier would have envied.

Directing the first sergeant to talk half a dozen troopers and feel their way cautiously to the front and ascertain what that new sound meant, the rest of the men meanwhile to remain at ease, Noel still sat there on the ground, as though faint from loss of blood. The bleeding, however, had been too trifling to admit of any such supposition on the part of those who had been looking on. The cheering up the pass increased. The firing rapidly died away. Soon it was seen that the first sergeant was signaling, and presently a man came riding back. The sergeant and the others disappeared, going fearlessly into the pass, and evidently indicating by their movements that they anticipated no further resistance. The arriving horseman dismounted, saluted the captain, and reported substantially that the pass was now in possession of Maj. Greene's men and that the Apaches were in full flight towards the south, some of the troops pursuing.

Then at last it was that the "mount" was sounded by the trumpeter, and half an hour afterwards—full three hours after they should have been there—Capt. Noel, with K troop, arrived at the scene. Lane, faint from loss of blood, was lying under a tree: four of his men were killed; one of the helpless recaptured women had been shot by an Indian bullet: five more of the "Devil's own D's" were lying wounded around among the rocks. Desperate had been the defense: sore had been their need: safe, thoroughly safe, they would have been had Noel got there in time, but it was Greene's battalion that finally reached them only at the last moment. And yet this was the thrilling announcement that appeared in The Queen City Chronicle in its morning edition two days afterwards:

"Gallant Noel! Rescue of the Indian Captives! Stirring Pursuit and Fierce Battle with the Apaches!

"A dispatch received last night by the Hon. Amos Withers announces the return from the front of Capt. Noel, who so recently left our midst, with a portion of his troop, bringing with him the women and children who had been run off by the Apaches on their raid among the ranches south of their reservation. The captain reports a severe fight, in which many of the regiment were killed and wounded, he himself, though making light of the matter, receiving a bullet through the left arm.

"While the rest of the command had gone on in pursuit of the Apaches the captain was sent by the battalion commander to escort the captives back to the railway.

"This dispatch, though of a private character, is fully substantiated by the official report of the general commanding the department to the adjutant general of the army. It reads as follows:

"'Capt. Noel, of the Eleventh cavalry, has just reached the railway, bringing with him all but one of the women and children whom the Apaches had carried off into captivity. The other was shot by a bullet in the desperate fight which occurred in San Simon Pass between the commands of Capts. Lane and Noel and the Apaches, whose retreat they were endeavoring to head off. Greene's battalion of the Eleventh arrived in time to take part; but on their appearance the Apaches fled through the mountains in the wildest confusion, leaving much of their plunder behind them.

"'It is impossible as yet to give accurate accounts of the killed and wounded, but our losses are reported to have been heavy.'

"How thoroughly have the predictions of The Chronicle with regard to this gallant officer been fulfilled! To his relatives and his many friends in our midst The Chronicle extends its most hearty congratulations. We predict that the welcome which Capt. Noel will receive will be all that his fondest dreams could possibly have cherished."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Battles Decided by a Single Shot.

There are certainly three instances on record of a siege or battle having been decided by a single shot. First in order of importance was the shot—believed to have been fired by one of his own men—which killed Charles XII in the trenches of the fortress of Friedrichstein, which immediately led to the raising of the second siege of Friedrichshall. This is perhaps the most important musket shot ever fired in the history of the world. Next comes the discharge of the mortar fired by Lord Cochrane during the defense of Port Trinidad in 1808. This shot foiled a French surprise and saved the fortress. Lastly, there was the single discharge of grapeshot which saved the fortress and town of Haddington in 1548. The French invaders had actually forced their way into the outworks of the castle when the one well directed shot created such havoc in their densely packed ranks that there ensued an immediate panic, which ended in flight.—Popular Journal.

The Earth's Evolution.

In one of his recent remarkable lectures on some of the present aspects of geological science Dr. Roberts, as reported in The Colliery Guardian, explained some of the facts and phenomena of this character pertaining to Great Britain. Generalizing his subject, Dr. Roberts compared the changes which have in past ages taken place in the crust of the earth to the well known processes of waste and renewal going on in a living body. Briefly stated, the high portions of the earth, the rocks and mountains and solid land were being dissolved away and washed down into the valleys and thence into the sea by various natural processes, mainly frost and running water. Examples of the erosion of cliffs by the sea are offorded by the condition of Duncansby head and Staffa, and the crumbling mountain peaks, shattered into powder by nature's great weight—frost—emphasize the destructive capacity of that element.

The Greedy Young Cuckoos.

Various theories have been advanced in explanation of why should the cuckoo alone among birds delegate the duties of motherhood to a bird of another species. Only one of these theories, however, is worthy of attention. Richard Jeffries was of opinion that the cuckoo did not rear its own young, because the task of feeding three or four young cuckoos was more than any single pair of birds could accomplish. The incredible voracity of the cuckoo, he says, cannot be computed. The two robins, or a pair of hedged sparrows, in whose nest the young cuckoo is bred, work the day through and cannot satisfy him. The cuckoo's difficulty, or one of its difficulties, seems to be in the providing of sufficient food for its ravenous young. Three of them would wear out their mother completely, especially if—as may possibly be the case—the male cuckoo will not help in feeding.—Montreal Star.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 13, 1894.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Nat C. Goodwin.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Crust of Society."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Joseph Jefferson.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Charles Frohman's Stock Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—American Extravaganza Co.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"The Power of Gold."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"Sport McAllister."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Finnigan's Ball."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

TWO GREAT AMERICANS GONE.

America lost two great sons this week, when death called from earthly scenes Andrew G. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, of New England—the last survivor of that noble band which embraced such grand minds as those of Emerson, Bryant, Phillips, Whittier and Longfellow. These men's life works form a glorious epoch in American thought and literature. We have not their like at present in the land, not because genius is wanting, but opportunity to develop it is. No grand ideal cause appeals at present to the American heart or brain. There is, to be sure, the tariff question, the silver question and the woman suffrage question, but such subjects, although important to the country, can hardly be expected to inspire the latent genius of the poet or excite the fervid eloquence of the orator. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a noble character—grand and simple in his genius, an ardent lover of his country and of his fellow man. He had attained to patriarchal age, and his taking off was quick and painless. The ripe fruit dropped from the tree of life in the fulness of its time.

Andrew G. Curtin was a man of different mold, but of a character equally noble. This grand old oak of the Alleghenies has left his mark in American history as the war-day governor of the Keystone state. It was he that so mightily aided Gen. Meade, when the daring rebel legions poured into Pennsylvania and flooded the valleys of Gettysburg.

From the dome of the State Capitol at Harrisburg—we have heard this from his own lips—he felt the vibration of that titanic cannonade, while he hurried battalion after battalion of volunteers and militia to the front. Not satisfied with this, he proceeded there himself, determined, if necessary, to shed his blood in defense of his native State and the cause of the Union. He arrived at the moment when Pickett's headlong charge was repelled, and saw the bodies lying along the slopes in gory swaths, the blood from men and horses, indiscriminately mingled, flowing down the hill like a crimson river; the cannon of General Hunt still smoking from their rapid discharges as the brave rebels moved to their doom, and the Union soldiers, seamed with wounds and blackened with powder, congratulating each other on their victory in the midst of a wilderness of carnage. The name and fame of Andrew G. Curtin will always resound in the American heart when Gettysburg is glorified by the poet and the orator.

Governor Curtin's father was a native of Ireland, and was quite as patriotic in the American sense as his more distinguished son. As minister to Russia, after the close of the Civil war, he proved himself an able diplomat. In his latter years, although he modified his former political opinions, he was always found, whether as a member of the National legislature or a private citizen, on the side of progress and patriotism. Like Dr Holmes, he lived to a grand old age, and his end was as peaceful as his career had been glorious.

MRS. PATTEN OPPOSES FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

It would appear that many of the leading ladies of Springfield, Ill., are rather opposed to female suffrage, although the Governor's wife, Mrs. Altgeld, is enthusiastically for it. Among the ladies who do not coincide with Mrs. Altgeld is Mrs. Junius Patten, who has been interviewed by "Amber," the brilliant correspondent of the Chicago *Herald*. Mrs. Patten's views are in part as follows:

"You may write me down from the first as unconditionally opposed to woman suffrage. I have been out into the world and mingled with women enough to lead me to be thoroughly content with men's management of public affairs. When it becomes necessary to call a man to sit in the domestic councils it will be time to give the women to serve on political boards. What do we want of women on our school boards anyway? Haven't our educational matters been splendidly conducted in the land up to date? Point to any country that has grander schools. Why not let well enough alone, I say. I suppose some folks would be shocked to hear me assert that I don't believe in higher education for woman, either. Let her have it if she wants it; but what's the use? You say that if she marries it comes into play in the education of her children. Doesn't she send her girls and boys to school just as the rest of us do? I served on the Board of Lady Managers at the World's Fair, you know. I never should have left my home to do so, for, I tell you, a woman who is the mother of five healthy boys is needed at the helm. I never should have served, I say, but for a terrible bereavement that threatened to unfit me for anything. My husband said: 'Lizzie, go; it will take your mind off your sorrow,' and it did, but there is no use denying it, my absence was felt in my home. Well, I was going to say, I saw enough of what we call advanced women there on that board to serve me all the rest of my life. I have had an added respect for men ever since, as Carlyle did for dogs after he had mingled with men."

DR. M'GLYNN ATTACKED BY AN ENGLISHMAN.

A New York telegram to the daily papers, dated Oct. 7, says that the Rev. Dr. McGlynn addressed "an unsympathetic audience" at the Auditorium, Park, on that date. Four thousand people were present. Dr. McGlynn was introduced by Dr. Isaac K. Funk. His subject was the A.P.A. or American Protective Association. After some preliminary remarks, Dr. McGlynn said:

"'A.P.A. What is it?' Each letter was long drawn out. 'A.P.A.,' he continued, 'is a mystic something, a mysterious something. What does it mean? It means American Protective Association It means Americans, to your guns, to protect what? We have to suppose to protect American ideas, American principles, American men and women—to protect America.' The speaker had become vehement. His voice was perfectly clear. His gestures were animated. 'To protect America from what?' he went on. 'From the Roman Catholic church, from the Pope, from bishops, from priests, from the designs of the Roman Catholic church? I am a Roman Catholic, I am a priest. I spent years of my life in Rome, and I speak the language of the Romans. It is then, perhaps, peculiarly fit that I should speak of the A.P.A., instituted, as it was, to protect America from us priests, from the machinations of these Jesuits.' There was a plain sneer on the words 'us priests.' "Is there any justification,' he continued, 'for the existence and the alleged methods of this organization? Are the Catholics responsible for this antagonism? Would Protestants not put it away when they are on their deathbeds? Is the fault utterly on the side of the Roman Catholics? Are American institutions, American men, and women, and children in danger of suffering great detriment from the Pope, from the bishops, from the priests?' He poured out these questions rapidly, emphasizing each one with a downstroke of his arm. The people anxiously awaited his answers, but first came this to make his answers the more convincing: 'There are many here who know that I have with frankness—with excessive frankness—expressed my dissent from churches and churchmen. So you will do me the honor to believe me that I say what I believe to be true. I have—I think I have—asserted my right to support the constitution of the church while criticising the administration of churchmen however high. No man has muzzled me. I have never had any quarrel with the essentials of the Roman Catholic church, even when certain dignitaries leaned rather hard against me." The Doctor drawled this scornfully.

"'I am nothing if not a priest,' he continued, 'and if you think I am more of the politician you do me great wrong. Yes, I am a Catholic, and a Catholic priest, but I shall not permit any man to say I am not a patriotic American. America stands for the fulfillment of the promise in the preamble in the Declaration of Independence—to carry out in practice the inalienable, God given right of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. The more Americans the better, the more the merrier. The true doctrine, the true political economy, is that every man of brain and brawn who comes here is money in the pockets of all of us.'

"Dr. McGlynn dropped his voice as if that question was settled and done for. Then he went on quietly: 'Is this country in danger from pope or priest? I answer, No. They wouldn't harm it if they could, and they could not if they would. Where are the dangers to America?' he asked then. 'The Pope does not believe in republican government, you say. I don't care whether he does or not except that such an excellent form of government ought to recommend itself to him. The Pope has no desire to change our government. It is none of his business. 'But,' you ask, 'must not priests obey the Pope?' In certain things, yes. In everything, No. What should the Catholics do? Keep their mouths shut. What would the Protestants do? Simply pray pityingly for these misguided A.P.A. people and let them know they are proclaiming themselves most un-American of Americans.'

"Dr. McGlynn ceased to speak, the applause ended, people began to leave the Auditorium. Suddenly a slim, wiry, nervous man sprang upon the platform and shouted: 'Just remain where you are for two minutes. I am a member of the American Patriotic League. I am not an A.P.A. man, but I want to answer Dr. McGlynn. He is entirely wrong.' Loud applause encouraged him—applause that drowned the hisses that opposed it. The excited man went on at the top of his voice: 'I answered all the arguments of Dr. McGlynn before the constitutional convention. The laws of the Church of Rome are directly opposed to the constitution of the United States—to the constitution of every State.' Once more the applause drowned the hisses. But there were cries, 'This isn't fair.' Dr. McGlynn stood staring at the speaker. Blank amazement was on his face. The uproar increased. 'With all due respect to Dr. McGlynn,' cried the newcomer, 'he has said what is not true.' Dr. Funk sprang to the edge of the platform. 'We have always said that all sides shall be heard here,' he cried. 'You shall have your opportunity.' 'When?' 'Two weeks from today.' The man picked up his hat and stick and hurried away. He was Alfred Nolan Martin, who lives at Stapleton, S.I. He is the national deputy of the American Patriotic League."

Of course, THE CITIZEN happens to know Mr. Alfred Nolan Martin. He was, at one time, a journalist in this city, and a pretty "smart" one, too; but Mr. Martin is an Englishman by birth and training, with a slight dash of Irish on the mother's side. All the great American "patriots" now-a-days are Englishmen, Canadians, or Irish Orangemen. The native Americans are "not in it" with these gentry. One would imagine from their tone of assumption that the British, the Canadians and the Orangemen own this country. But they don't. They may spew their venom against "Rome"; which, in great part, means the Irish, all they please, but, nevertheless, "Rome" will stand and so will the Irish, protected by the constitution and the laws of this country, which is their country, and will be the country of their descendants for all future time. The *Irish World* of Sept. 29 publishes the following, which is the best answer that can be given to the bigots resident in America:

[*From the Constitution of the United States.*]

ARTICLE VI.

"2. This Constitution, and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof, shall be the *Supreme Law of the Land*; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding.

"3. The Senators and Representatives (of the United States Congress) and the members of the several State legislatures, and all executive and judicial officers both of the United States and the several States, shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support this Constitution; *but NO RELIGIOUS TEST shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.*"

"Done in convention by the unanimous consent of the States present the 17th day of September, in the year of Our Lord 1787, and of the Independence of the United States of America the twelfth. In witness whereof, we have hereunto subscribed our name.

GEORGE WASHINGTON, President,
and Deputy from Virginia."

REV. MR. JONES AND THE POLITICAL LADIES.

The Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of this city, does not appear to be entirely satisfied with our fellow-citizens, the political ladies, whose war cry has been "the purification of politics." In a sermon preached before the congregation of All Souls' church last Sunday, Mr. Jones said:

"I have said men, but, alas! even women, reckless in their new-found privileges, the fragmentary franchise granted them by the State of Illinois, rush with indecent haste into the partisan arena and use the machinery which they have condemned to heighten the distractions which they have promised to assuage. We see them organizing ward clubs on partisan lines for the sake of filling non-partisan offices, pleading that the position of trustee in the great State University of Illinois, a position which partisan politics should never touch, should be filled by this woman or that because she is of the politics of Jefferson or of Seward, because she will maintain the political balance on this side or that on a board whose action will become infamous the moment it becomes contaminated with partisan considerations. As if the equations of algebra or the formulas of chemistry had to do with Wilson bills, McKinley tariffs or postoffice amendments. Perish that spirit of partisanship that so obscures the conscience and ethical insight that even our mothers and sisters, toward whom some of us have looked for our political redemption, go up and down the streets asking not for women who will carry their integrities and their consciences to the polls and there vote for the men and women most competent to direct the great educational interests of our state, but for women who will vote Democratic, Republican, Populist or Prohibition tickets, regardless of fitness and independent of worth."

MORRISON ON THE WILSON FREE TRADE "FEED."

The Hon. A. L. Morrison is in the State of Ohio campaigning for the Protection idea. This gentleman combines qualities rare in the same person, the ability to speak in a masterful manner and to write with an equal degree of force. It is quite safe to say that no man of all the parties in America is more thoroughly a scholar on the economic issue that Mr. Morrison. He has made the question not alone a study, but a lifelong study, and his articles on Protection vs. Free Trade, published in THE CITIZEN recently, have been copied far and wide throughout the Union. The *Ohio State Journal* of Oct. 5, put the following question: "Does the Irish-American like the scene just presented, that of the great Democratic statesman and protege of Cleveland being feasted by the London Chamber of Commerce?"

Mr. Morrison sent a characteristically able reply to the *Journal*. In the course of it he said: "England enacted the most cruel and barbarous laws against us and our faith until Ireland became the only spot on earth where Irishmen could not live like human beings. She created famines and pestilence for the avowed purpose of exterminating our entire race. Failing by all her worse than heathen atrocities to destroy us in olden times, she invented a scheme more deadly than fire and sword, more destructive than war and more baneful than famine. This invention is called English Free Trade. The Irish manufactures which survived the prohibitory decrees of the brutal Plantagenets, the barbarous Tudors and the cold-blooded Stuarts died the death which has known no resurrection under the vile Free Trade law of the worthless House of Brunswick. Before the enactment of that infamous law Ireland manufactured all her own people needed for their comfort and luxury and exported large

antities of goods to foreign countries; since then she manufactures almost nothing for either home consumers or exportation. Destitution, idleness, and famine have followed Free Trade as naturally as night follows day. Having driven millions of Irishmen to America English writers and speakers have never ceased (both here and at home) reviling and slandering them wherever or whenever occasion offered. What wonder then that hatred of their tyrants became an Irish passion? We would be less than men if it had not.

"But here is a mystery that has baffled all attempts at explanation: these victims of English misrule come to America and largely ally themselves with the only pro-English party in the Union. Even when the same Free Trade which rooted out Irish manufactures has become a Democratic dogma and is today producing the same dire results it produced in Ireland, Irishmen are found blind enough to adhere to that party. If anything can open the eyes of the Irish Democrats, the scene you allude to surely ought to do so. Oh, the shame of it! W. L. Wilson, the author of the Free Trade measure which bears his name, immediately after its passage hastens to England to receive the thanks and applause of the people for whose benefit it was made. There, in the midst of English lords and gentlemen inhaling the aroma of wine and flattery, he receives their thanks for the services he has rendered them. When he is assured that his is the most honored name in England, when he loyally drinks Victoria's health and his own is pledged in return, he openly declares that the Republican party has for years kept up the barriers against English goods and that the Democrats have torn them down,' and when the baronet who presided complained that the Wilson-Gorman law was not as good as the English expected it would be (although it had re-opened many mills and factories in England), he was consoled by the declaration of Cleveland, Wilson and all the other Democratic wreckers that said law was only a beginning.

"Irishmen, is it possible that any of you will continue voting for a party whose leading man thus toadies to your ancient enemy? Not a vote of thanks, not a word of praise, not a banquet does he receive in all America. The people he has misrepresented and deceived in West Virginia are preparing his political grave. He needs consolation and he goes where he knows he can get it—to England, whose mills and factories he has re-opened at the cost of closed mills and factories in America. Benedict Arnold was not guilty of worse treason than this. He attempted to betray his country for England's benefit; Wilson has destroyed American prosperity also for England's benefit. Wilson knows that the Democratic party could not live a day without the Irish vote, and yet he goes to their deadliest enemy, to the lords who spat upon the home rule bill, and flung it contemptuously in Ireland's teeth, and congratulates them on the ruin he has wrought in America and the prosperity he has given to them. Before the passage of the bill for the protection of English manufacturers' tens of thousands of Irishmen cast their votes in protest against it and this fall hundreds of thousands more will vote against the party which has inflicted it on America, and in doing so they will show how they like the shameful un-American and pro-English scene of the Wilson banquet in London."

CARDINAL GIBBONS AND THE VOTING LADIES.

Cardinal Gibbons is a brave man. He has thrown down the gauntlet to the political women and their sympathizers in America, and—he is theirs. The Cardinal, by reason of his priestly vows, is unmarried, and, therefore, has that reckless courage of saintly bachelorhood, which it is not given the unhappy layman, who is a Benedict, to possess. His eminence is positively reckless. He does not number his fair foes. He rushes upon their blooming battalions with the headlong audacity of an ecclesiastical Murat, and the red hat shines in the front of social battle, even as the white plume of the "Emperor of Dragoons" waved in the vanguard of French chivalry. Ah, the simple Cardinal! The high and holy calling of his eminence does not give him the opportunity to gauge the political ambition of his countrywomen with that keenness of judgment which comes to the married man, after an experience of a decade or so. The American woman is determined to vote. Home or no home, to the polls she will go and perform the duties of the franchise, like a man and a brother. The Cardinal may be brave enough to resist her, but we confess we are not. We have had our own turmoils at the polls with male opponents, but when the bloomers wag in the forefront of the scrimmage, we beg leave to say that we will not stand their charge. We will cast our ballot, peacefully, if we can, and fly—leaving them in full possession.

But what does the Cardinal say? He says, "All historians concede that it is to the Virgin Mary that women are indebted for the lofty position they today occupy in social and domestic life. The church follows the teachings of St. Paul, that woman is man's equal. It is fearful to contemplate the condition of society today if it had not been for the restraining, sanctifying, purifying influence of woman." The Cardinal said he did not mean to confine himself to those consecrated women whose virtuous lives were devoted to God and his church, but referred particularly to the mother of the household. "How many families," he said, "have been saved from God's avenging hand because of some devoted mother. How many sons would have died in sin had they not been saved by the prayers and supplications of devoted sisters. I beg of you women to follow their example. Every one of you has a mission to perform in your day and generation. It is true you cannot celebrate mass, but you can be apostles, preaching in your respective households and be priests in another and broader sense. Woman today does not exercise the right to vote and I am heartily glad of it. I hope the day will never come when she can vote, and if the right is granted to her I hope she will not avail herself of it despite the fact that some misguided women think they ought to exercise it. You may rest assured that if woman ever enters politics she will be sure to carry away with her some of the mud and dirt of political strife. Besides, she would be sure to lose some of the influence she now exerts. Her sphere is the home, her proper reign the home circle. A Grecian ruler said, 'I command Athens, Athens rules the world, and my wife rules me; therefore, she rules the world.' So nowadays, while you men control the United States with your votes, your wives control you and so rule this country. If every Christian mother, daughter, and sister looked after the religious and moral training in their homes more thoroughly there would be less occasion to insist on religious instruction in the schools."

The Cardinal is in error, in point of fact, because the women in this State are going to vote next election for candidates of their own sex, nominated for the office of University trustees. They will go forth, like an army with banners, and assert their rights armed with that palladium of American liberty, the ballot. Some of the Protestant ladies of Chicago have make answer to his eminence, among them Catharine Waugh McCulloch, who says:

"It is a pity such renowned men as Cardinal Gibbons and Dr. Buckley, otherwise good and learned, should be so old-fashioned on this woman question. They are not up to date. Their minds have been so concentrated on the history and theology of the past that their opinions on present day reforms have less weight than they would on questions of the past. It is too bad to revile the memory of St. Paul by bringing up his advice to ancient women. He certainly lived up to the times in which he existed and his advice under those circumstances might have been needed. But it was no more intended for us of this enlightened century, in circumstances far different, than was Paul's advice to Timothy to bring his cloak from Troas.

"If St. Paul had lived today his clear vision would have seen our duties in altogether a different light. Even in those early centuries he wrote those words which if followed today by the Christian church would place women on an absolute equality with man in church and state. 'There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, but ye are all one in Christ Jesus.' Paul himself gave directions about women preaching, ordained women deacons, and if he were here today would no doubt help on the movement for equal rights and liberties for women as well as men."

Dr. Julia Holmes Smith, Democratic candidate for Trustee of the State University, expresses herself as follows:

"In the first place I think Cardinal Gibbons is wrong, wholly wrong, and I am extremely sorry for woman, for humanity, that he took the course he did, because it cannot fail to have a retrograding effect. It will tend to influence conservative people, perhaps, who were wavering as to their choice and withdraw them from the cause of progress. I'm truly sorry that Cardinal Gibbons could not rise to the occasion and stand for progress, instead of hoping that the day will never come when women will vote. Perhaps, though, he thought he was carrying out the tenets of the Roman church to rule the power that rules the world, and this could be the easier done by keeping women down.

"In support of this idea the worthy Cardinal recites the words of a Grecian ruler: 'I command Athens, Athens rules the world, and my wife rules me; therefore she rules the world.' We do not need to go back to the Grecian empire (?) for examples. Perhaps had the Cardinal investigated his Grecian republics more carefully he would have discovered that it was not the wife that ruled or governed. The man whom Aspasia governed had a wife and family at home. Thus it has been, and Cardinal Gibbons would do well to study the story of Aspasia."

The Rev. Chancellor Muldoon, of this archdiocese, does not wholly follow Cardinal Gibbons in his wild charge into the Valley of Death. He says:

"The church has never spoken on the matter, and no Catholic woman can be censured for voting or taking any part in politics she may deem proper. Cardinal Gibbons' views are but his own individual opinion, and his expressions are not mandatory, but advisory, and do not bind the consciences of Roman Catholics of [illegible] own diocese of Baltimore."

KANSAS CITY, Mo., has a new paper, called the *Columbian Banner*, which prints the following at the head of its title page: "The *Columbian Banner* is published in the interest of all true Americans—Catholics, Protestants, Jews and Gentiles." No sensible person can find fault with such a declaration of principles as the foregoing.

A MEETING of the societies interested in the formation of an Irish-American Lyceum will be held at McCoy's Hotel next Monday evening at 8:30 o'clock. Clubs that have not yet elected representatives are requested to do so, as the constitution and by-laws by which the Lyceum is to be governed will be passed upon at the meeting.

LIEUT. MICHAEL J. O'BRIEN, of the Fifth United States Infantry, a brilliant young officer, and a graduate of West Point, has been selected by the Secretary of War to observe the military operations in the war between China and Japan.

"IRELAND IN CHICAGO."

The design of the proposed volume, to give the biographies and portraits of the leading Irish-Americans, whether born in our city or who have been forced from their own land and chosen it as their home, is one that must commend itself to everyone interested in the work done by Ireland's sons in America. Messrs. Ffrench and Smyth have an immense field. Among the foremost citizens of Chicago, more perhaps than in any other of the large cities, are found Irishmen and those of Irish descent. To their enterprise this city owes to a very large extent its present great position as well as its grand future promise. The story of these Irish-Americans makes much of Chicago's history, and the work, properly carried out, will possess great personal and historical value. The chief difficulty in regard to books of biography is the inability of those who handle them to place them properly before the public. This incapacity is usually the outcome of inexperience, but the editors of "Ireland in Chicago" are safe from any accusation of this kind. Mr. P. G. Smyth's newspaper articles on the counties of Ireland, full of local biographical and historic interest, are well known in Chicago, and his Irish novels have made for him a name here as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Ffrench, a newspaper man of long experience and a magazine writer of considerable prominence in the old country and in the United States, has also made a specialty of biographical work. Through his Western newspaper articles he has done much toward familiarizing the people of America with the histories of the leaders who have fought and are fighting Ireland's battles in the English house of commons.

PARNELL.

Third Anniversary of His Death. Oct. 6, 1894.

Shall we let the day in silence,
Lovely silence hover near?
Shall there be no martial music,
Or a fall of sorrow's tear?
Will ye, patriots of his country,
Cease to love his hallowed name?
No, oh no; now and forever
Be it writ in golden flame!

As the moon's light and the sun's light
Gleams abroad the blue of sky,
So upon your heart's keep graven
Ireland, Parnell, Liberty!
Blend his name with Ireland's glory
Down the avenues of Fame
His, her hero's who died struggling,
Warding every blow that came.

Will ye grieve the dead with factions,
Shame the face of maid and man
By repeated base detractions
Bred by rivalry and clan?
Are ye traitors! Are ye madmen,
Squabbling for a common gain!
Is the blood of centuries shedding—
Blood of heroes—shed in vain!

O ye people, Erin's soldiers,
Drive dissensions far away,
And by Parnell's grave swear, truly,
To unite for Liberty.

Liberty, the cry of Emmet,
And brave heroes gone before,
Liberty, the patriot's swan song
Now as in the days of yore.

By that green grave in Glasnevin
Where the shamrocks grace the lea
Swear, *united*, 'till the echoes
Answer, "Viva Liberty!"

Yes, there shall be martial music,
Clans uniting for the fray;
And there shall be joy in Erin,
More than empty prophecy.

By her heroes brave we swear it;
By her hills of emeral green,
Ireland shall arise, a Nation,
And her sons will crown her queen.

MARAH.

CHICAGO, Oct. 5, '94.

CHICAGO TEMPERANCE UNION.

The Chicago Temperance Union procession and festival held in this city on Wednesday was an unalloyed success, and was participated in by people of all creeds, races and classes. Over fifty societies, Catholic and Protestant, were in line. The procession was reviewed from the balcony of the Auditorium by Governor Altgeld, Mayor Hopkins, Bishop John A. Watterson, of Columbus, Ohio; Rev. Dr. John Henry Barrows, Rev. Dr. P. S. Henson, Israel P. Rumsey, and the following members of the executive committee of the Chicago Temperance Union: Secretar[illegible] Onahan, Secretary John E. Re[illegible]tev. N. J. darkness, Rev. T. E. C[illegible] T. Turrill, Rev. George P. Willis[illegible] C. Engley, W. H. Kline and oth[illegible]ell known people.

When Chief Marshal Burbank arrived opposite the reviewing stand he left the head of the column and joined the reviewing party, as did Colonel William P. Rend, treasurer of the union. As each organization passed the group of distinguished reviewers colors were dipped. Besides the distinctive banner of the organization each carried the United States flag. A monster meeting was held in the evening in the Auditorium, at which speeches were delivered by Rev. J. H. Barrows, chairman; Right Rev. John A. Watterson, Catholic bishop of Columbus, O.; Mrs. Katherine Lente Stevenson, W. C. T. U.; Rev. P. S. Henson, D.D.; John E. Rastall, secretary; Right Rev. Bishop Fallows, N. S. Davis, M. D.; Dr. W. H. Harper, president Chicago University; Judge John Gibbons, J. B. Hobbs, Dr. Henry Wade president Northwestern University; Rev. M. F. Dowling, S. J., St. Ignatius College; W. H. Kline, Independent Order of Good Templars; Mrs. Leonora N. Lake, and Prof. Graham Taylor.

MISS KATE KANE'S CANDIDACY.

Miss Kate Kane has been nominated, by petition, as a candidate for the position of Probate Judge of Cook County. It is claimed by her friends that, as 155,064 votes were cast at the last county election, Nov. 7, 1893, Miss Kane was obliged to file a petition signed by at least 2 per cent, or 3,101 voters. She filed the instrument on Saturday afternoon in the county clerk's office, with 3,175 signatures, among them some of the most prominent names in this county. The signers belong to all parties. This petition must be passed upon by a board of review, composed of the county judge, State's attorney, and the county clerk, two of whom are themselves candidates for public office. However, as they are respectable and honorable men, Miss Kate Kane believes she will have fair play at their hands.

AMATEUR ART.

(Communicated.)

Art culture in Chicago is more widespread in its practical influence upon our young people than is generally appreciated. Its results are revealed sometimes in the most unexpected way, showing that the substratum is honeycombed, so to speak, with a spirit of evolution toward artistic and spiritual development. It is the natural struggle after artistic expression, and sometimes it may take the form of literary, sometimes of pictorial delineation.

One evening last week some friends met at the home of M. P. O'Connor, of the State Grain Department, No. 686 W. Adams street, and were enjoying the customary hospitalities of that big-bodied, big-brained and big-hearted gentleman, while one of the guests, who happened to be of an aesthetic turn of mind, drew the attention of the company to a series of beautiful pictures which adorned the walls of the parlors. These were admitted to be the productions of Miss Josephine O'Connor, the accomplished young daughter, who seems to be making rapid progress in her art. On the easel in the front parlor was a newly completed portrait of Mayor Hopkins, which that civic dignitary might well be proud to recognize. It is done in pastelle work, and is not only a perfect transcript of the rather handsome lineaments of our chief magistrate, but in the flesh tints as well as the intellectual expression, betrays the possession of an artistic instinct that is not that of the mere copyist. Miss O'Connor's essays in art would lead one to predict for her a very agreeable and, perhaps, distinguished career in that direction, should she elect to follow it. The company were agreeably impressed with all of the young lady's work, and especially complimented her on the success she had achieved in perpetuating the likeness of Mr. Hopkins in the particular stage of his life which has drawn the attention of the world upon him.

THE BERESFORDS.

[To the Editor.]

The recent death, either by suicide or accident, through falling from the roof of a hotel in Halifax, N.S., of Mayor Beresford, one of the notorious Beresford family, reminds me of a rude street ballad, which was very popular in Ireland at a time when another member of that evil family took a fall of quite a different nature. Another of them distinguished himself a few years ago by setting fire to the city of Alexandria in Egypt. For this he was praised, not alone by the English papers, but by many American papers as well. It was easy enough to throw shot and shell into a city from the safe distance of eight miles, while the old brass guns upon the walls of Alexandria were incapable of being properly deflected. If the burning of Alexandria was an act of civilized warfare, so also was the burning of Washington by the British in 1812. Many a cruel lash has torn poor Ireland's wounds open, but there was hardly any lash so cruel as that in the hands of the Beresfords of evil memory. Small wonder than when they came to untimely ends, as many of them did, the people shouted for joy, and forgot to say, "Lord be good to him!" T.J.F.

Lord Waterford is dead,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Lord Waterford is dead,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
Lord Waterford is dead,
With the Devil at his head
And perdition is his bed,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

And when he went below,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Where the Beresfords must go,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Queen Bess she did appear
And says she, "You're wanted here
For these five and forty year,"
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

The next that he did see,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Was his bailiff, Black McKey,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.
He was standing on a shelf
Washing up the Devil's delft;
Put says he—"Is that yourself?"
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Then the Devil came along,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
And says he to Bess—"Begone!"
Says the Shan Van Vocht
Says Lord George—"I've had a fall
And I've made an awkward call"—
Says the Devil—"Not at all!"
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

They'll not put him in the pit,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Where the common sinners sit,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
But inside a special grate
On a warm reserved sate,
Where his father *bakes* in state,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

Let us build a bonfire high,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Till the blazes reach the sky,
Says the Shan Van Vocht,
Let us raise a whillaloo
That will be heard in Timbuctoo,
For ould Nick has got his due,
Says the Shan Van Vocht.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis and their London company achieved an immediate success last Sunday evening in the first performance of the brilliant society play, "The Idler," at the popular Schiller theatre.

Next week "The Crust of Society," a play of the same high comedy class, but one much more celebrated, will succeed "The Idler." In this vivid illustration of certain phases of fashionable high life Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lewis made so great an impression when at the Schiller last season, that it is revived for the following week, the last one of the engagement, in compliance with a very general request. The beautiful dressing now so strong a feature in society plays is a point that has been adequately considered by the management, and in the drawing-room scenes of "The Crust of Society" the gowns of the ladies of the cast are something that will rival in richness and elegance the superb dressing now so popular an attraction, especially to the ladies, in the modern drawing-room drama. "The Crust of Society" every evening next week and at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

Mr. Felix Morris with his company, commences an engagement at the Schiller theatre Oct. 22, presenting for the first time here, the special attraction he has secured for the present season, Ralph Lumley's three-act comedy, "The Best Man." The repertory of Mr. Morris this year includes the three-act comedy "Behind the Scenes," and "Moses." Supporting the star are Mrs. Harlei Dellonbaugh, Mrs. Herbert A. Carr, Agnes Paxton, Gertrude Rivers, Charles Charters, Frederick Thomson, and several other well known people.

OBITUARY.

MR. MICHAEL KELLIHER.

On the 26th ult. Michael Kelleher, late of No. 3838 LaSalle street, died in San Antonio, Texas, where he went with hope of improving his health, which had been failing for some time. The remains were brought to this city on the 30th ult., and the interment took place on that day. Deceased was a young man of many excellent qualities, and his death, at the early age of 27 years, is very much regretted by all who knew him. The funeral was largely attended, many prominent citizens being present.

"ROBBING THE WIDOW."

[To the Editor.]

In chapter 187 of the Public Acts of the second session of the Fifty-second Congress, Democratic, is the following enactment: "That from and after July 1, 1893, no pension shall be paid to a non-resident who is not a citizen of the United States, except for actual disabilities incurred in the service." By some strange interpretation of the above law, the Commissioner of Pensions claims that he has no discretion other than to deprive non-residents of the pensions paid to them under Republican regime. The United States Senate, it is true, repealed this iniquitous statute, but the House of Representatives, or the lower branch of Congress, failed to report it for the approval of the President, so that the law still exists. As a result, here are a few specimen cases for the consideration of Irish-American and other voters. John Daly, Co. A, 51st Regt. N. Y. Volunteers, captured in battle, died in prison Oct. 1, 1862. Mrs. Daly was in receipt of $12 a month pension, until deprived of it by the statute of July 1, 1893, and is now an inmate of a poorhouse in Celbridge, county Kildare, Ireland. Sometime for the benefit of your readers I may give a description of what those Irish poorhouses, established by England, are in reality; it is enough at present to say they are veritable hells upon earth.

George Ridgway was a private in the 1st U. S. Cavalry, Washington, D. C., and died on the field of battle for the Union, June 19, 1862. His grave is in the soldiers' burial ground in Washington. Mrs. Ridgway and two children were awarded pensions. The children's ceased when they were 16 years of age. Mrs. Ridgway's was terminated by the statute of July 1, 1893, and now she is in poverty in Dublin City, Ireland. There are more than 400 such cases in Great Britain, and it seems a shabby thing for our great Democratic American government to take away pensions from poor widows whose support was lost in defense of our flag in the hour of its greatest peril. B. E. O'MAHONY.

RECEPTION OF M'MULLEN COUNCIL.

The annual reception of the McMullen Council, No. 79, C. B. L., was held at North End Temple hall last Tuesday evening, and was numerously attended. There was a varied and highly interesting literary and musical programme. Mr. Washington Hesing delivered the address, and among the distinguished artists who rendered the vocal numbers was Mr. William Castle. There was a harp and violin duet by Misses Gertrude and B. Louise Robinson, a solo by F. A. Langlois, another by Mrs. Mary Perrine; a piano solo by Master Ernest Langlois; "Flower Song," by Miss Frances Stuart McCaffrey and a mandolin and guitar duet by Messrs. William Enk and John Drucker.

Resolutions of Condolence.

At the regular meeting of Division No. 11, A. O. H., Monday evening, Oct. 2, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst by death our late brother Martin J. Corcoran.

WHEREAS, As a member of this division, he was ever zealous in advancing the cause of our noble order, and deeply impressed us with his worthy example and endeared himself to the hearts of his numerous friends, and commanded the respect, honor and esteem of all who knew him; therefore be it

Resolved, That by his sudden departure from us to a better world, and as treasurer of this division, we deeply feel the loss of an honest and honorable member of our beloved society.

Resolved, That we extend to his bereaved wife in this her hour of affliction, our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy, and that a copy of these resolutions be presented to her and be entered in the records of our division, and be published in THE CITIZEN, also that our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days.

Committee on Resolutions—J. F. Walsh, Daniel Kirby, Dominick Nicholson.

ARRIVAL OF STEAMERS.

White Star Line.

The Steamship Teutonic arrived at New York on Wednesday, Oct. 10, at 8 o'clock a.m.

The Majestic arrived at Queenstown on Tuesday, Oct. 9, at 4 o'clock p.m.

Don't Offer a Reward

For your lost appetite. All know that it is a valuable piece of personal property, but why go to the expense when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will restore it to you. A course of that unparalleled tonic and corrective not only induces a return of the relish for food, but confers upon the stomach the power to gratify appetite without unpleasant sensations afterward. For the purpose of quickening digestion, arousing a dormant liver or kidneys, and establishing regularity of the bowels, no medicine can exceed this genial family cordial, in which the pure alcoholic principle is modified by blending with it botanic elements of the highest efficacy. Avoid the fiery unalloyed stimulants of commerce as a means of overcoming inactivity of any of the organs above mentioned, and use, instead, the Bitters. This professionally sanctioned medicine remedies malarial and rheumatic ailments.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Geasa agus Buadha Riogh Eirinn.

[AIR: BANANBHAIN.]

Ges do or Muigh Maistean damud
fal each salach aetreadh dhubh;
steat sin—ni demand sean,
cois urgharta righ Laighean.

Laechga fullead cuis adha
righ Laighean lis Labrada;
meas Almaine do 'ga thigh;
acus fiadh Glindi Searraigh;

Oi fri coindlibh ciarrtha caidh
a n-Dind-Righ do'n righ ro ghnaith,
slan trath tristh Tuamand dindsain;
cuirm Chualann; cluichi Carmain.

Caisiul na righ raen in raith
stait cuis buadh dia faith:
eroda Cruachna cui co congair;
loscadh Laighin tuathgabair.

Checa tar Sliabh Cua na ceand
tar slithcham descert Eiend;
luithecht maighi—maith in modh,
Ailbe re sluagh leathodhar;

Leabaigh i Caisiul iar scis
co ceand chaccaisi ar mis
cacha bliadhna fos—na cell,
atlad buadha righ Caisil.

[LE BREITH LEANTA.]

(Translation.)

The Restrictions and Prerogatives of the Kings of Eire.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

It is prohibited to him on Magh Maistean(1), on any account,
To ride on a dirty, black-heeled horse;
These are—he shall not do them—
The five things prohibited to the king of Laighin.

A hero who possesses five prerogatives,
Is the king of Laighin of the fort of Labhraidh(2):
The fruit of Almhain(3) (to be brought) to him to his house;
And the deer of Glen Searraigh;

To drink by (the light of) fair wax candles
At Dinn Riogh(4) is very customary to the king,
Safe too is the chief of Tuaim in that (custom);
The ale of Cualann; the games of Carman(5).

Caisel of the kings, of great prosperity,
Its prince has five prerogatives:
The cattle of Cruachan(6), when the cuckoo sings;
The burning of northern Laighin(7);

By fifty attended o'er Sliabh Cua(8) to pass
After the pacification of the south of Eire;
To cross the plain, in goodly mode,
Of Ailbhe(9), with a light-grey host;

A bed in Caisel(10), after fatigue,
To the end of a fortnight and a month
Each year, moreover,—do not conceal it,
Such are the prerogatives of the king of Caisel.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

1. *The Plain of Maistin*, i.e. the plain around the hill Maistin, or, as it is generally called, Mullaghmast, parish of Narraghmore, and about five miles east of the town of Athy, in Kildare. For some curious notices of events which occurred at this place, the reader is referred to Keating's History of Ireland, reigns of Cormac MacArt, and Brian Boromha; Annals of the Four Masters, at the year 1577, and Philip O'Sullivan Beare's History of the Irish Catholics.

2. *The fort of Labhraidh*, i.e. Labraidh Loingseach, monarch of Ireland of the Lagenian race A.M. 3662. His fort was Dinn Riogh.

3. *Almhain* (Allen), a celebrated hill in the county of Kildare, situated about five miles to the north of the town of Kildare.

4. *Dinn Riogh*, i.e. the hill of the kings. This is the most ancient palace of the kings of Leinster. Keating describes Dinn Riogh as "sir baruech Bhearbha idir Cheathrlach agus Leithghinn, do n leith thiar do'n Bhearbha," i.e. "on the brink of the Barrow, between Carlow and Leighlin, on the west side of the Barrow." The place is still well known. It is situated in the townland of Ballyknockan about a quarter of a mile to the south of Leighlin Bridge, to the west of the river Barrow. Nothing remains of the palace but a moat, measuring 237 yards in circumference at the base, sixty-nine feet in height from the level of the River Barrow, and one hundred and thirty-five feet in diameter at the top, where it presents a level surface, on which the king of Leinster's royal house evidently stood. The kings of Leinster did not reside there since the period of the introduction of Christianity.

5. *Carman*. This was the name of the site now occupied by the town of Wexford.

6. *The cattle of Cruachan*. This obviously means that it would be a lucky or successinsuring thing for the king of Caisel to plunder the plain of Cruachan, and carry off the cattle of the king of Connacht within the period during which the cuckoo sings. Nothing has been met with to throw any light on this extraordinary injunction.

7. *Northern Leinster*, i.e. Wicklow, Kildare, South Dublin, etc., and part of King's county. Meath, north of Dublin, etc., were not considered part of Leinster at this period.

8. *Sliabh Cua*. This was the ancient name of the mountain now called Cnoc Maeldomhnaigh, situated to the south of Clonmel in the county of Waterford. The name is still preserved, but pronounced Sliabh Gua, and now popularly applied to a district in the parish of Dercie without Down, between Dungarvan and Clonmel.

9. *The Plains of Ailbhe*, Magh Ailbhe. This was the name of an extensive plain in Leinster, extending from the river Barrow and Sliabh Mairge to the foot of the Wicklow Mountains. From the places mentioned in the Irish authorities as situated in this plain it is quite evident that it comprised the northern part of the barony of Idrone, in the county of Carlow, and the baronies of Kilkea and Moone in the county of Kildare. The author of the Irish poem called Laoi na Leach!—The Lay of the Monuments—describing the monuments of Leinster, asks exultingly, "Where is there in any province of Ireland a plain like Magh Ailbhe?"

10. *A Bed in Caisel*, i.e. wherever the king of Munster may have his palace, it was absolutely necessary to his prosperity and good luck that he should sleep at Cashel for six weeks every year.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

THE PRESENT DUTY

Of Every Good Citizen.

Is to inspect the work upon the Drainage Canal, thirteen miles of which lying along the Chicago & Alton Railroad, between Summit and Lemont, has reached a point when inspection has become intensely interesting, instructive and exceedingly pleasurable. The visitor can see in active operation hydraulic dredges, steam shovels, steam hoists, steam drills, channeling machines, high-power derricks, cantilever conveyors and innumerable mechanical devices for rapid and economical excavation. The work is pronounced by experts to be more interesting than the construction of the Suez or Panama Canals. It is as large and expensive an undertaking as the building of the World's Fair.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad sells low rate round trip excursion tickets, from Chicago to all points on its line as far south as Lemont, every Saturday and Sunday. The territory thus covered by the reduced rates embraces the entire length of the most interesting portions of the Drainage Canal, as well as a number of places along the beautiful Desplaines river, particularly suited for family and party picnics, fishing excursions and individual summer outings. For further particulars, tickets, time of trains, etc., call on or address R. Somerville, City Passenger & Ticket Agent, Chicago & Alton Railroad, 195 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

DEATHS OF SOME AMERICAN EDITORS.

When I began to work in 1860—and it seems as though it were yesterday only, partly because I have good health and have always maintained a high moral tone—the editor of the New York *Tribune* was Horace Greeley. He died in a mad-house. The editor of the New York *Times* was Henry J. Raymond, the best friend but one I ever had. He was found dead, cold and stiff, in the hallway of his house. The brightest writer in New York then was Charles G. Halpine—Miles O'Reilly—editor of the New York *Citizen*. He suffered from a neuralgic tooth, and went into the Astor House one day, chloroformed a towel, put it over his head, and joined the majority. The best known correspondent of that era signed "A. D. R." A. D. Richardson was walking along the street from the *Tribune* office when a man slipped up behind him, fired a bullet in his back, and he died. The managing editor of the New York *Herald*, Mr. Frederick Hudson, whose name is a living tradition in newspaper circles, having retired on a pension of $20,000, which of itself is enough to stagger any newspaper man, went to live with his family in Concord, N. H. He drove across the railroad track in front of the cars one day; all killed. The editor of the only rival the *Staats-Zeitung* ever had, the New York *Journal*, Dr. Feodor Meirson, of German birth, but American in feeling, a great, good, loyal fellow, was helping an invalid wife from a train. Didn't see the other, lost his head, and has done no work since. The dearest newspaper working friend I ever had, Stillman S. Conant, managing editor of the New York *Times*, walked out on the sands of Coney Island one dark night and never returned. The publisher of the *Daily News*, whose name escapes me just now, but a man whom everybody in the profession knew, had melancholia, superinduced by neuralgia, walked to his office one morning and blew his brains out. The editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* drove along the beach at Long Branch, ran into a butcher's cart, and was killed instantly. So you see it is not all funny business in the profession.—*J. Howard on "Journalism."*

THE OLD LAND AND THE NEW.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

A myriad bonds unite the two
In love that never dies;
No length'ning leagues of ocean blue
Can break such tender ties—
Those links of kinship, and of blood,
Of friendship, warm and true,
That bind in one fond brotherhood
The old land and the new.

The old we love with filial love,
The Emerald of the seas,
Her grey-blue skies that smile above
The verdure of her leas;
Her holy wells, her rifled fanes,
Her raths and tow'rs of yore—
The shamrocks green that stud her plains
And sanctify her shore.

The new we love, as bridegroom loves,
The bride whose kiss is balm;
Her prairies and her orange groves,
Her pine tree and her palm;
The freedom throned on ev'ry crag
Lining her boundless seas—
The glory of her starry flag
That flutters through the breeze.

To the old land our love we give,
And eke unto the new,
Dear as the very lives we live,
And pure as heaven's dew.
To both we're loyal, staunch and true,
Through seasons manifold—
Our hearts still beating for the new,
And throbbing for the old!

—*Cork Examiner.*

INFORMATION WANTED.

John Mahoney desires information about his nephew, Thomas Fleming, who was last heard from ten years ago, when he lived in Iowa. Both are natives of Kilcruig, county Limerick, Ireland. Address Joseph A. Connell, attorney-at-law, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Building, Chicago.

Hon. John E. Fitzgerald.

The Hon. John F. Fitzgerald, of Boston, Mass., with his wife, was among the numerous distinguished passengers who sailed from Queenstown on the Cunard steamship Lucania, on Sept. 23. Previous to embarking the American visitors received the Mayor of Cork at Kilmurray's Royal Hotel, and in presence of Messrs. Richard Dowling, H.C., S. Byrne, R. Johnstone, C. E., Emanuel Tedisco and Capt. Attridge, Lloyd's surveyor, presented to the mayor three beautiful and most costly services of china plaques, each plaque containing the picture of Napoleon, Empress Marie Louise and Empress Josephine. These valuable trophies were secured at much expense by Mr. Fitzgerald when traveling through France on his recent tour after returning from Carlsbad. The mayor was also the recipient of a handsome ivory-mounted umbrella. The presents bear the following inscription: "Presented to Augustine Roche, Mayor of Cork, by Mr. and Mrs. John E. Fitzgerald, September, 1894." The mayor and the other gentlemen already mentioned accompanied the visitors on the tender to the Lucania, where they bid them adieu and wished them bon voyage. The mayor, who has been invited by the gentlemen to visit New York, is thinking favorably of accepting the invitation, as he has often wished to view the land of the Stars and Stripes and to enjoy the pleasure and recreation of a passage on board a big liner on the Atlantic Ocean. Should the mayor go he will undoubtedly receive on the other side a right royal reception.—*Independent.*

In 1893 Dublin imported 864,000 tons of coal; Wexford, 67,000; Waterford, 177,000; Cork, 361,000; Skibbereen, 14,000; Tralee, 17,000; Limerick, 90,000; Galway, 17,000; Westport, 10,000; Sligo, 28,000; Londonderry, 129,000; Coleraine, 27,000; Newry, 173,000; Dundalk, 77,000; Drogheda, 44,000, and Belfast, 1,131,000. The large relative amount of Southern import may surprise those benighted who think there are no manufactures in Ireland outside Belfast.—*Irish Weekly.*

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The First National Bank

OF CHICAGO.

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business Oct. 2, 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$17,186,384.75
Overdrafts		1,810.13
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		850,000.00
Bond premiums		6,535.77
U. S. bonds on hand		70,400.00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages		1,902,051.90
Bank building and other real estate		675,000.00
Due from other national banks	$3,307,036.14	
Due from State banks and bankers	1,499,338.65	
Checks and other cash items	44,712.68	
Exchanges for clearing house	1,646,496.17	
Bills of other banks	580,000.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies	2,562.60	
Specie	7,074,000.00	
Legal-tender notes	1,745,000.00	
U. S. certificates of deposits for legal tenders	200,000.00	
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2,250.00	
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per cent redemption fund	30,000.00	
		16,007,377.80
Total		$35,879,559.85

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 2,000,000.00
Surplus fund		3,000,000.00
Undivided profits		202,696.18
Dividends unpaid		10,982.00
Individual deposits subject to check	$13,150,273.81	
Demand certificates of deposit	1,608,827.69	
Certified checks	210,324.73	
Cashier's checks outstanding	58,070.19	
Due to other National banks	9,436,642.35	
Due to State banks and bankers	5,029,534.18	
		29,656,272.70
Total		$35,879,559.85

State of Illinois, Cook County, ss:

I, R. J. Street, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief. R. J. STREET, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of October, 1894. OTTO KASTRUP, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: LYMAN J. GAGE, JAMES B. FORGAN, EUGENE S. PIKE, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business, Oct. 2, 1894.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$ 9,422,009.22
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		5,017.37
U. S. bonds to secure circulation (par value)		50,000.00
U.S. bonds on hand (par value)		200,000.00
Other bonds		204,650.00
Real estate and mortgages owned		46,517.50
Due from National banks	$1,281,784.21	
Due from State banks and bankers	494,006.08	
Exchanges for clearing-house	827,827.33	
Notes of other national banks	53,000.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	4,694.66	
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz.:		
Specie	2,600,628.55	
Legal-tender notes	211,000.00	
U. S. certificates of deposit for legal tenders	600,000.00	
		5,781,977.80
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
Total		$15,692,422.19

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 1,000,000.00
Surplus fund		1,000,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		233,542.50
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		11,925.00
Due to other national banks	$3,212,940.05	
Due to State banks and bankers	1,308,905.39	
Individual deposits subject to check	7,695,370.67	
Demand certificates of deposit	924,845.25	
Certified checks	91,828.23	
Cashier's checks outstanding	269,386.50	
		13,402,277.59
Total		$15,692,422.19

State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss:

I, Carl Moll, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. CARL MOLL, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of October, 1894. ARNOLD REAP, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: CHAS. R. CORWITH, ROBERT E. JENKINS, GEORGE SCHNEIDER, Directors.

AMERICAN BUILDING, LOAN AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE United States, Northern District of Illinois. Marcus M. Towle vs. American Building, Loan and Investment Society.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was, on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1894, appointed Receiver of all of the estate, real, personal and mixed, of every name, nature and description, of the American Building, Loan and Investment Society, a corporation existing under the laws of the State of Illinois, within said Circuit.

Notice is hereby given to all creditors and shareholders of said Society to file their claims against said estate with the Receiver at Room 59 in the Hartford Building, in the City of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, within thirty (30) days from October 10th, 1894, being the first day of the publication of this notice; the creditors by filing a statement of account verified by affidavit, and the shareholders by filing the certificates for the shares of stock held by them. Any creditor failing to file his claim, and any shareholder failing to file his certificate within the time limited, shall be debarred from sharing in the assets of said estate. W. K. SULLIVAN, Receiver.

Collins, Goodrich, Darrow & Vincent, Solicitors for Receiver, The Rookery, Chicago, Ill.

MOTHER'S BOYS.

Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small muddy boots,
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotless with blossoms and fruits.

And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands,
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor's littered
With many old treasures and toys,
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharmed by the presence of boys.

And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly all hours of the day,
While you sit in yours unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away.

Yes, I know there are four little bedsides
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you can go out in your carriage
And shine in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman.
I like my house orderly, too,
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings,
Yet would not change places with you.

No; keep your fair home with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise,
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But leave me my four noble boys!

—Silver Cross.

ANDY COPLEY'S LIE.

Of the old folk of the bleak little seaport, Andrew Copley dwells most vividly in my memory. As prosperity is gauged at Port St. Bede, Andrew, the owner of some half dozen fully equipped fishing smacks, was accounted a prosperous man. I recall him now—his kindly face, tanned and netted in wrinkles; his long hair, grizzled this many a day; his stubby gray beard; his light blue eyes, bespectacled for reading—yes, there he sits. Many are the "cracks" I have had with him. Yet there was one story he chose to leave buried in silence—and that his own. I never dared broach the topic, albeit I inwardly burned with impatient curiosity. One day, however, the history became mine unsolicited. Some remark I chanced to let slip anent his lifelong bachelorhood caused an infrequent faraway look to settle upon his eyes. We were walking up the steep, cobble paved "street" at the time, past the lime washed front of the Trawlers' inn to the higher ground, from which the old Norman church tower kept ward over the slumberous village.

"Why ha'e I never married, say ye?" the old man exclaimed after a long spell of silence. "Like enow, ye'll hear afore long, an I don't see what should stop me fro' tellin ye mysen, if so be." Hurriedly stepping into the roadway, Andrew whipped off his broad brimmed hat and stood motionless. Turning into the sanded lane that zigzagged past the church, we had well nigh jostled two slow paced women, the younger of them about 50 years of age, the elder 20 years or so older. It was the latter that attracted my marked regard, for it was toward her that Andrew held his down bent head. A wan, frail looking creature she was, dressed in black, with a close fitting, old fashioned bonnet tied under her chin in a bow of broad black ribbon. Her hair, smoothed evenly upon her forehead, shimmered silverly as the new churned foam in the bay. She moved haltingly, even with the aid of an oaken staff and the helping arm of her companion.

Withdrawing her arm, she paused in the pathway and pointed her stick toward the bareheaded old fisherman. In thin, quavering tones, as if the words were said by rote, there being no vehemence in her utterance, she cried: "Ah, I knaw ye—I knaw ye. Ban ye, for no speakin me fair." With no more passion than if she were repeating some soulless formula, she added: "Curse ye, Andrew Copley! It was a lie! Curse ye for't!"

"Come awa'!" the other woman put in coaxingly. "Come thee awa' home, then."

Unresisting, the old lady allowed herself to be led away. Through it all Andrew did not stir a limb, but stood there with doffed hat, his head bowed and his mane of gray hair ruffling in the breeze. We had left the church behind, the deep rutted lane, the narrow stone style that gave upon the fields. We had traversed half the length of the meadows themselves before he spoke.

"Ye asked me how 'twas I never married," said he slowly. "That is the reason."

So he began upon his life story. But as his narrative would be hard to follow if I adhered to his exact words, with his numerous digressions and irrelevancies, uttered with quaint burr of tongue, and, moreover, as his modesty saw fit to gloss over certain facts which I heard of later in other quarters, I venture to set it forth after my own fashion.

We hark back a full half century. Port St. Bede—no vast size at this present—was then a mere nest of sandstone, shale roofed cottages, planted at the foot of the hill and straggling disjointedly up to it from the "street." Later improvements have displaced or rebuilt most of these one storied dwellings and filled in the gaps, but the old Trawlers' inn looks just as it looked 50 years ago. It lies back some ten paces from the roadway, the shingled space thus obtained being highly favored of loungers and gossips. The spot served an identical purpose so far back as the oldest memory goes.

A little knot of fisher men and women foregathered there one Wednesday morning to await the arrival of the Moperland letter carrier. Twice a week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, he trudged the ten miles to deliver his meager package of letters. He always made his way first to the Trawlers', where it had become customary for the populace—those who did not expect letters alike with those who did—to assemble and waylay him. In that manner the canny souls got news from the outside world without being put to the expense of a postal fee, while the official on his part was quit of his letters all the sooner. On this particular morning, however, the gayety of the group was under eclipse. They talked together in hushed tones, full of concern, every now and then preferring a question to the bronzed, middle aged seaman in their midst.

"An ye're sure ye've got the reights o' 't, Jake?" queried a big faced woman, whose skimpy petticoat showed her ample brogues and shapeless ankles. "It'll kill t'lass if she hears o' 't."

"Oh, I'm noan mista'en—not me," answered the seaman positively. "I seed him mysen i' Grimsby not three days back, an I 'eard it read out i' church—the second time o' axin it were—last Sunday."

"Poor maid, poor maid! An her waitin for him here as patient an lovin as onybody could wish. Ah, them men, them men!"

While the frowsy old crone was shaking her gray locks over the perfidy of mankind she stole a sidelong look toward the window bench, against which Andrew Copley—then a well set up young fellow of four and twenty—was moodily leaning.

"Aye, but he takes on badly wi' 't," she said, jerking her head in Andrew's direction. "I'm main sorry for him too. He al'ays were sweet on her, ye knaw, an I do believe she'd 'a' had him if that man fro' Grimsby hadn' come this way wi' his pert, weel favored face."

Further tattle was cut short by the appearance of the letter bag. In all there must have been close on a dozen letters—a goodly batch for Port St. Bede. It was one of the last which the postman held aslant to catch the light. "Miss Kellett!" he called out wheezily.

"Why, that mun be Hilda," exclaimed one of the bystanders. "She isn't here. Ye'll ha'e to take it up to the house."

"I'll save ye the wak," said Andrew, stepping forward. "I'm bound that way, an I'll see she gets it."

"Don't tell her o' the goings on o' that Grimsby chap," cried the fishwife before mentioned. "It'll drive her clean daft. Conscience sake, Andrey, don't tell her that."

During the period we are dealing with education at Port St. Bede was at a woefully low ebb. Not 20 people in the whole thorp could write their names or recognize them when penned. Few could read anything but "print." Fewer still were able to puzzle out written characters. Among this community Andrew Copley was reckoned a "fine scholard," and by virtue of this reputation his services were in frequent demand by those who, having passing need of the "l'arning," chanced to be in the bad books of the rector or the Wesleyan minister.

With the "gammer's" injunction echoing in his ears, Andrew stole quickly toward the cottage occupied by Hilda Kellett and her widowed mother. "'Miss Kellett, Port St. Bede,'" said he, furtively scanning the superscription. "It's fro' that scamp, as I live. An now, belike, she'll ha'e me to read it to her." Slackening his pace, he added grimly: "Shall I tell't to her—shall I? It'll kill her, say they, an they're right—it will."

He stuffed the letter into his jacket pocket long before he came abreast of the cottage. Rapping a tattoo on this door, he lifted the latch, and—as was the custom—walked straight in. A slim, fair haired girl peeped into the room from a side door. "Oh, it's you, Andrew," she said, coming forward.

"Aye, it's me. I cam' just to ask how your mother is today."

"She's a piece better this morn, but she rested ill last night. Nellie an me sat up wi' her most all night, but she's dropped off asleep now. Tak' a chair, Andrew."

Andrew perched himself on the edge of the nearest rush bottomed chair and fumbled hesitatingly with his cap between his knees. "I was doon by the Trawlers' when the letters came," he said after a strained interval. "There was one for ye, Hilda, an I made free to say I'd bring it. Here 'tis."

"For me!" and Hilda's eyes brightened as she stretched out her hand. "Then it's fro' Ben, isn't it, Andrew?"

"It's the Grimsby mark," replied Andrew shortly.

"Then it must be fro' Ben. He said he'd let me know as soon as the brig got back to Grimsby. An how I trembled for him all through that storm o' Monday! But he's safe—this shows he's safe, Andrew." A plaintive look of alarm crept into her blue eyes as Andrew, never answering, kept his gaze clamped to the floor. "This shows he's safe!" she repeated quaveringly.

"P'raps that letter may contradict it all, but there was a deal o' nasty talk about the Vampire—as how she's gone doon i' the"—

"Read it to me," cried Hilda, thrusting the missive into his hands. "Ye know I can't mysen. Read it, Andrew."

Taking firm grip of his lips, Andrew opened the letter and glanced at the signature. "It's noan fro' him," he said. "It's wrote by Peter Worsley, the skipper o' the Vampire."

"Not fro' Ben!" exclaimed Hilda tremulously. "He isn't—dead?"

Andrew nodded. "Drowned!" he murmured huskily.

Clutching at her throat, Hilda sank into a chair and hid her face in her palms. Presently she looked up, her lips pallid, her eyelids scarlet. "I can bear it now, Andrew," she said. "Read it all to me."

The caligraphy of the Vampire's master must have been all but illegible, judging from the difficulty Andrew had in deciphering it. He read slowly, humming and hawing through the whole epistle. Here is the gist of it. In the recent heavy gales the Vampire—a crazy, undermanned timber ship—had sprung a leak, her crew being eventually compelled to abandon the foundering vessel and take to the longboat. Their perilous case was little bettered thereby, for twice the boat had been capsized. When she was righted the second time, only four of the sailors succeeded in scrambling into her. Of the two men missing, the mate, Ben Webb, was one. The survivors were picked up on the following day and landed at Grimsby. It was in fulfillment of a pledge made at the outset of their peril and in fateful anticipation of its outcome that Captain Worsley now broke the sad news to the dead man's sweetheart.

Even in the intensity of her grief Hilda had thought of her mother's much needed slumber, and not a cry escaped her lips. Andrew, the big, clumsy, soft hearted gomeral, saw that no sympathy of his could soothe her distress. She must just "fret her dole." And so he left her with her sorrow.

"I had to do't," he muttered, striding beachward. "An it's better that nor t'other—it's better." Fervently he added, "God send she doesn't let anybody else read it!"

He might have been at peace on that score. To Hilda the skipper's letter was as the last words of her drowned lover—a sacred thing, not lightly to be fingered or spoken of. She packed it away with the sundry ribbons, gloves and cheap gewgaws Ben had given her, to be treasured with them throughout this side of time.

They who best know the Port St. Bede folk will least accuse them of want of heart. Out of sheer mercy for the girl they avoided all allusion to Ben Webb, and on her side Hilda kept her woe to herself. The blow was for her shoulders alone, and she bore its smart bravely. Besides she and her mother had to live, and net making and mending must be attended to, even though the heart may ache, and the eyes blister with unshed tears.

So two years went by. Then, her mother having been laid to her last long rest under the gnarled elms in the churchyard, Hilda went to live with her sister, Abel Moxon, the cooper's wife. At this juncture, hoping that time had salved her wound, Andrew Copley made bold to offer her all an honest man can offer the woman he loves—his name, his home, his big steadfast heart. His insight was at fault, for she would have none of them. In all simplicity she told him that her love lay dead with him who slept in the deep seas. She chose to share the lot of no man to whom she could not give herself heartily, wholly.

"I knaw ye like me, Andrew," she said frankly. "I've al'ays knawn it, an I thank you. If ever I come to think i' that other way, an if I see ye're i' the same mind still, I'll speak first. Don't ask me any more, Andrew. I'll speak first."

Henceforth, as before, they were friends—close, firm friends—but no further. Season after season Andrew sailed off in his yawl for the whitefishing on the Dogger, returning each time with brain aflame for the sight of her. And she met him with mere smile and handshake, in her eyes no token of change, no glimmer of awakening affection.

Eight years thus lumbered away—eight weary, joyless years—and neither Hilda nor Andrew had sought to break through their pact of silence. About this time Hilda was sorely stricken with typhoid, then rife in the village, and for an anxious space she dwelt on the very border line of here and hereafter. On Andrew's persuasion—he staking his word that the great man's fees should be forthcoming—Abel called in Dr. Ratcliffe of Morperland, under whose care Hilda slowly began to mend. It was while Andrew was away at the banks—the doctor's comforting assurances for company—that the truth stripped itself before Hilda, to torture and afflict her with its mocking ghastliness.

As yet she was not able to leave her bed, but lay there with pinched face, her hair tangled on the pillows, her thin blue fingers twitching idly at the garish patchwork quilt, her eyes wandering to the half open lattice through which was borne the distant sough of the waves and whence she could see their sun flecked crests far out beyond the Fork rocks. Then she would turn to answer some question put her by her little niece, Mary—Abel's eldest daughter, "rising 10"—who had crept into the sickroom. Presently the little maid fell to babbling, childlike, of the doings and sayings of her school friends.

"Aye, but ye'ill be gettin a fine scholard, Mary," said Hilda. "It was a guid thing for the weans when t' parson opened school. I wish it had been done long sin'."

"It was our 'xamination today," replied Mary, eager with fresh news. "Mr. Harvey heard me read an patted me o' the head. Out of a newspaper—hard words they was too."

"An maybe we can read writin, Mary?"

"Oh, yes," said she, nowise disposed to belittle her attainments. "When you get any letters, Aunt Hilda, I'll read them all through to you—every word. I'm sure I could."

"Well, I'm going to try ye," said Hilda smilingly. "Now, open that drawer. No, the second one, an bring the little black box to me. Yes, that is it."

Tenderly picking out the finery with which the box was filled, Hilda placed the various articles by her side on the bed. Underneath, untouched since that day, lay the very letter which had told her its sad tale through Andrew's mouth.

"Now, what name's that?" said she, pointing to the signature.

Mary screwed her eyes into beads, hung her head sapiently on one side and spelled the words under her breath.

"B-e-n, Ben; W-e-b-b, Webb," she announced at last, with a ring of triumph. "It's ain bad writin, but"—

"No, no!" cried Hilda, rising excitedly upon her elbow. "Not Ben—Ben Webb. Are you sure, Mary?"

"B-e-n, Ben; W-e-b-b, Webb," repeated her niece.

Hilda sent up a choking cry. "He said it came fro' Captain Worsley," she ejaculated gaspingly. "He lied to me. It's fro' Ben. Ben isn't dead!" Her whole frame a-tremble, she turned to Mary with: "Begin at the first. Read it all to me. Can ye, can ye?"

Mary at all events was willing to try, and although she blundered often and painfully under the task between them they managed to piece the words into sense.

"Dear Hilda," it ran, "I didn't mean to say a word, but I can't do it without telling you first. Don't hate me, for I did love you and do, more nor her. Anyways you can't say I didn't tell you all about Polly Barclay—how we was to be married and how it was broke off. Well, me and her have made it up again. Her uncle's dead and left her everything—his three houses and £400 in the bank. You see, I didn't have a free hand, so you can't blame me. Besides there's Andy Copley only too glad to have you, and the banns has been read twice in Grimsby church. I think things are best left alone, and no fuss made, especial as I don't ask the presents back, not"—

Mary had plodded through the letter so far when Hilda, with a loud shriek, dropped back upon her pillow. Abel and his wife hastened up stairs to find her again sitting up in bed, round eyed and gesticulating with her clinched fists. "I might ha' won him back—I would ha'," she cried shrilly. "A lie, Andrew Copley! It was a lie!"

In this fashion she raved all through the night and long into the next day. Dr. Ratcliffe said it was brain fever, and although he eventually brought her back to bodily health her mind never recovered its sanity.

* * * * * *

Poor Hilda! She knows not that for the bread she eats, for the shelter above her head, for the very clothes upon her back, she is beholden to the man whom she for 40 years past has daily execrated.

"She never sees me but she throws them awful words i' my face," said Andrew to me. "I thowt I were actin for t' best when I did as I did—I thowt so truly."

"I suppose you have never met this Ben Webb since?"

"Oh, but I ha'e. I went to Grimsby o' purpose to spoil his beauty. If he's livin now, he's livin wi' the nose o' him all askew. That prank cost me a week o' jail, but I'd stand a hundred years o' lockup for the comfort that job gave me."—Chambers' Journal.

Napoleon's Lucky Letter.

The Rev. J. M. Buckley in his "Astrology, Divination and Coincidences" presents a curious array of facts relative to Napoleon I and the letter "M." He says:

"Marbœuf was the first to recognize the genius of Napoleon at the Ecole Militaire. Marengo was the greatest battle gained by Bonaparte, and Melas opened to him the way to Italy. Mortier was one of his first generals, Moreau betrayed him, and Murat was the first martyr to his cause. Marie Louise partook of his highest destinies, Moscow was the abyss in which he was ingulfed, Metternich conquered him on the field of diplomacy. Six marshals—Massena, Mortier, Marmount, MacDonald, Murat, Moncey—and 26 of his generals of divisions had names beginning with the letter M. M. Murat, duke of Bassino, was the counselor in whom he placed the greatest confidence. His first great battle was that of Montenotte; his last was that of Mount St. Jean. He gained the battles of Moscow, Montmirail and Montereau. Then came the assault of Montmartre. Milan was the first enemies' capital and Moscow the last in which he entered. He lost Egypt through the blunders of Menou and employed Miollis to make Pius VIII prisoner. Malet conspired against him; afterward Marmont. His ministers were Maret, Montalivet and Mollien. His first chamberlain was Montesquieu, his last sojourn Malmaison. He gave himself up to Captain Maitland. He had for his companion at St. Helena Montholon and for valet Marchand."

How Cal Brice Got His Start.

Senator Brice got his start in life in a rather interesting way. After he left college he studied law, but he didn't get on very well, and he went to Charlie Foster, then governor of Ohio, and asked him if something in the way of an office couldn't be found for him. "Impossible," said the governor. "You are a Democrat, and I am a Republican. It would cause no end of talk if I were to give you a place, with so many Republicans wanting offices." But Brice was in straits, and he begged so earnestly for some help by which he might extricate himself that Foster finally placed a sum of money in his hands and told him to go to New York and look after a certain financial transaction. His last injunction to the young man was to follow instructions. When he got there, Brice made inquiries first and then acted directly contrary to what he had been told, telegraphing forthwith what he had done. Foster wired indignantly for the reason. The reply was, "Because I could make $40,000 for you." There was no questioning beyond that, and thenceforth Foster and Brice worked in harmony in various railroad operations, the latter giving up his idea of a legal career for the more lucrative one of railroad builder and promoter.

Early London Directories.

The earliest known directory of people and places seems to be that of London in 1677, of which only three copies are known—one in the Bodleian library, one in the Manchester Free library (which was bought for £5) and one sold at the Rev. Mr. Hunter's sale, which realized £9, although imperfect. The Manchester copy was carefully reprinted in 1878 by Chatto & Windus, with an interesting introduction, and the next London directory seems to have been one of 300 pages, published in 1732.

The editor of the reprint in 1878 gives some details of earlier manuscript directories, or "Office of Addresses," by Henry Robinson, in 1650, who had an "office in Threadneedle street, over against the Castle tavern, close to the Old Exchange in London," and it was described as "keeping particular registers of all manners of addresses," with a "catalogue of subjects of inquiry" so copious and so curious as to be a fresh proof that there is nothing new under the sun. Sixpence was the fee, and for this small sum answers to all sorts of questions connected with business could be obtained.—Notes and Queries

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold, U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN. OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
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14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH, MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487, PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the [illegible]. The friend guessed $100. Every [illegible] has three days in which he may [illegible] his watch to experts, and [illegible] will be refunded in full if the [illegible] found as guaranteed.

[illegible] is our greatest bargain for [illegible] ways, and as we may dis[illegible] it soon, subscribers should or[illegible]. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with several elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

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LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch, which is especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price delivered, $12.50.

SOLID GOLD, FANCY ENGRAVED, HUNTING-CASE WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $17.50.
OFFER NO. 28.

No. 28 is a watch of the very latest style. The works contain seven jewels and all improvements. The case is solid gold, fancy engraved in a beautiful pattern. This watch is worth $25. We will send it, delivery guaranteed, and prepaid, for only.....$17.50

HUNTING-CASE GOLD WATCH.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $10.
OFFER NO. 24.

No. 24 is a Ladies' size, seven-jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting-case. This case is made by rolling a heavy sheet of solid gold upon a sheet of very stiff composition metal. It is just like a $50 solid gold watch in appearance. This is a great bargain, and we cannot recommend it too highly. It gives any person who has a small amount to spend a chance to own a gold watch. Price, by insured registered mail.....$10

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING-CASE, WALTHAM OR ELGIN.
LADIES' SIZE, PRICE $9.50.
OFFER NO. 21.

No. 21 is a solid coin-silver hunting-case Waltham or Elgin watch. In the works are seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, plain regulator and all improvements. Like all the watches we offer, it is a stem-wind and setter. Sent to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$9.50

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"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

FIGHTERS OF THE SEA

THE SWORDFISH AND HIS DEATH DEALING BILL.

It Is a Great Battle When Two of Them Come Together—They Can Destroy the Largest Whale—Exciting Fights In California Waters Described.

A short time ago the attention of the passengers on a steamer off the southern California coast was attracted by what was evidently a fight between two sea monsters. What appeared to be a mountain of foam first caught their attention. Then an enormous tail was seen tossed into the air. Then the monster breached and rolled over and over, beating the water into foam with resounding blows that could be heard a mile or more with the wind. Nothing but the great black mass could be seen, and for 20 minutes the strange sight continued, to the wonderment of the voyagers.

If the steamer could have approached, they would have witnessed a most unequal struggle between a large whale and a foe of insignificant size. Beneath the water several swordfish, or possibly one, were literally prodding the large animal to its death, running their sharp swords into its unwieldy form until the creature was in a perfect fury and could only fling its huge tail about in impotent rage. Such incidents are by no means rare at sea, and the presence of the swordfish as the cause of the trouble is often disputed, but in nine cases out of ten it is the offender. Enraged for some reason at the presence of the whale, it dashes repeatedly at it, sending its sharp sword into it and in some instances producing its death. The unrelenting and ferocious nature of the swordfish is not generally known, but the latter may be set down as among the most dreaded of all fishes, considering the damage it does and the havoc it plays among other fishes. It may be said that the fish is utterly without fear.

The combats with its own kind are most interesting and may be compared to two expert swordsmen who have rushed to the contest, not with foils, but with rapiers, and fence for blood. Such a contest was observed in California waters not long ago. Some fishermen noticed two big fish leaping out of the water and dashing along at the surface. Soon they saw that they were swordfish. The season was when the fish are supposed to be pairing, and the males are usually ferocious. They had made several rushes and when observed were at close quarters, striking each other powerful side blows like cavalrymen. This was unsatisfactory, and finally they separated and darted at each other like arrows, the water hissing as their sharp dorsal fins cut through it. They evidently struck head on, one missing, while the sword of the other struck just below the eye and plowed a deep furrow in the fish, partly disabling it, so that it turned and attempted to escape. His adversary, now thoroughly [illegible]ed, also turned and, with a rush, [illegible] its sword completely through its body, and, despite its struggles, held it fast, only wrenching its weapon loose when its enemy stopped swimming. This one lunge had finished the battle, and the victor left the field. The vanquished, floating on the surface, was picked up by the fishermen. The writer later observed the wounds, which gave ample evidence of the ferocity of the attack. The force with which a swordfish strikes has been variously estimated, but that it is equal to that which drives a 24 pound shot from a howitzer can be believed from viewing the results.

In the waters of California at least three kinds of swordfishes can be seen—Xiphius gladius, Tetrapturus albidus and Histophorus gladius. The two former have been observed by the writer. The fish engaged in the battle described were of the kind first named. It is the ordinary swordfish found on both sides of the Atlantic, in appearance trim and shipshape, a veritable privateer. It is a piratical cousin of the mackerel. The striking feature is the sword, which is a continuation of the upper jaw into a sharp, bony sword. The jaws are toothless, the lower one being hard or horny. The eyes are large and prominent, the tail sickle shaped and powerful, and the whole appearance of the fish denotes speed and activity. It attains a length of from 5 to 9 feet, and when working at full speed can pierce any ship of wooden hull sheathed with copper. Many remarkable instances of this are known, and there is hardly a week in the year but something of the kind is recorded by shipping agents.

One of the most remarkable cases on record is that of the ship Dreadnaught. One day at sea the crew felt a sudden shock, and soon after that the ship sprang a leak and was obliged to put into port. It was found when she was drydocked that a large swordfish had struck her.

One of the finest specimens of the Tetrapturus albidus ever seen in California waters was found recently by the writer in a little bay on one of the islands off shore. It was a magnificent specimen, about 6 feet in length, the body massive and powerful and remarkable for its shape. It did not taper to the tail, as many of the tribe do, but continued large all the way to the tail, which was a powerful organ. It had a long dorsal fin almost the entire length of the back, and its sword was short. Evidently it had been partly broken in a fierce combat with another of its kind. The head was large, as were also the eyes. I examined the fish for the cause of its death and found that it, too, had doubtless succumbed to a fierce thrust from an enemy, possibly a Xiphias, or long swordfish, as it had a single cut, 1¼ inches wide, that penetrated the entire body like a knife. The defeated swordsman had apparently been carrying on an unequal fight. Armed with a short sword or dagger, it had been struck by a cavalryman of the sea, whose keen rapier had killed it, the fish being blown instead.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A COWARDLY BLACKLIST.

A "Conservative Newspaper" Aroused by the Villainy of the Railway Barons.

A dispatch from Omaha reveals a blacklist conspiracy among the railway companies that will receive the hearty condemnation of every American citizen who believes in fair play and frank fighting.

Since the strike the railway companies, it appears, have demanded from every applicant for work a "clearance" paper setting forth the cause of his retirement from his last service. This is entirely proper. It is similar to the "recommendations" demanded by most business houses. But instead of furnishing a frank statement to the workman the railway manager gives him what purports to be an honest clearance, but is really a sign that he is not worthy of employment. The trick is carried out by means of an ingenious watermark. The figure of a "sand hill crane" is worked into the blank form used for the clearance. When the head of the crane is missing, the man will not be hired even when the clearance is complimentary.

This unmanly device is used to the destruction of every unfortunate who took part in the strike or who is conspicuous in any of the interdicted unions. It would be hard to adequately characterize the nature of the sneak who invented this code. As for the railway managers who use it, they certainly are guilty of conspiracy and should be punished in court. They are as lawless as the strikers. They are cowardly as well as lawless. They violate the principles of humanity and outrage the rules of fair play among men. When by means of this fraud they take the bread out of the mouths of women and children, they become far less respectable and quite as dangerous to society as the Debs anarchists.

The country is now suffering the penalty of an alliance with the railway companies, enforced by the requirements of good order. They attempt to use this new found friendship as a cloak to cover practices that in other times would not be tolerated. They were given their inch. They take an ell. So serious has their invasion of rights in one direction, through the complacency of the federal bench, become that the most conservative newspaper of America has felt obliged to sternly call a halt.

We believe a workman blacklisted in the manner described above has ground for both civil and criminal actions against the conspirators. The railway managers must learn that what is criminal in a hired man is criminal also in one of their own class. Felony is not wholly a matter of caste.—Chicago Post.

From the Merchants' Editor.

The decline in retail prices of ready made garments since 1890 has been surprising, even paradoxical, but its principal explanation is found in the continually lower prices paid for making up, the result of the sweating system, aided by the abnormal increase in the competition for work among the forced emigrants from Poland and Russia, unfamiliar with our language, unskilled in other pursuits, and therefore practically at the mercy of the contractors. The breaking down of prices once under way it would not have been possible for any manufacturer to refuse or neglect to avail himself of the opporuntity for getting his work done cheaper, as otherwise he would soon be driven out by competition.

As things now are, however, we strongly hope that a general reorganization of this class of labor will be affected by which higher prices can be obtained and maintained. This will not hurt the manufacturer nor the public. So long as employers are substantially on the same level their trade is not injured by increased cost of their goods, while the public can certainly afford to pay and if it should be necessary will pay better prices for ready made clothing than those which have recently prevailed.

But this may not even be necessary. With free wool and a lower tariff it may be that the raw materials of the garment industry may be obtainable at sufficiently lower prices to compensate for the small advance in wages, which means the difference between slow starvation and comparative comfort to the hardworking and unfortunate operatives.—Dry Goods Economist.

What Debs Desires.

"My idea is that the various brotherhoods are in no sense and can in no sense be protective," said Eugene V. Debs in a recent interview. "Railroad companies are always ready to make an agreement with one class of organized labor and ignore the others, thus using one brotherhood perhaps to defeat another. I am contending for one centralized, unified body instead of separate organizations, which are helpless.

"As an organizer of labor for 20 years I am prepared to say that no brotherhood ever won a strike. You will be told that the Grand Trunk strike was a success, but let me remind you that the strikers in that instance were backed up by all the other labor organizations, according to the theory of the American Railway union. I think as much of the section man as the engineer, and all should be protected. The old brotherhoods have all done much good in their day, but conditions have changed, and they are not progressive enough to suit me."

Cry of the White Slave.

One Sabbath night, in the vestibule of my church, after service, a woman fell in convulsions. The doctor said she needed medicine not so much as something to eat. As she began to revive, in her delirium she said gaspingly: "Eight cents! Eight cents! I wish I could get it done! I wish I could get some sleep, but I must get it done! Eight cents!" We found afterward that she was making garments at 8 cents apiece, and that she could make but three of them in a day. Hear it! Three times 8 are 24! Hear it, men and women who have comfortable homes!—Rev. Dr. Talmage.

THE LABOR MOVEMENT.

What It Has Accomplished, According to an English Authority.

Fifty years ago, according to all competent observers, says Geoffrey Drage, England seemed to stand on the brink of a social revolution. If any doubt remained on the subject, the numerous parliamentary papers and inquiries of the time would convince the most stubborn mind. Wages were low and paid in kind, the hours were long beyond belief, accidents were common—no regard was paid to human life; the dwellings were hovels unfit for habitation. If the men were treated badly, women and children were treated worse. There is no infamy, no misery that is now related of the unskilled sweated industries that cannot be paralleled and outdone by the condition of the skilled laborer half a century or so ago. It has been written by the highest and most impartial authority that the history of the west of Europe in those times records perhaps the greater plundering of man by man than of the employed by the employers at that time.

The change that has been wrought is chiefly due to the self help of the working classes and to the great sections of the labor movement, trade unions, friendly societies and co-operation. To these movements the workingmen owe infinitely more than to any other cause, much as is to be said for the expansion of trade and the action of some enlightened men in the upper classes. Politicians have done nothing but oppose and hamper these movements by every kind of vexatious restriction.

The trade union exists for the maintenance of the rate of wages, for the reduction of hours, for the enforcement of the law and for educational and moral objects. The latest statistics show that there are 594 trade unions in Great Britain, with 1,237,367 members and an income of £1,790,842. These funds are employed in two main objects—dispute benefits and friendly benefits. Co-operation has for its ideal the elevation of the workingman into the position of the capitalist. This movement has two sides—the distributive and the productive.

Besides the foregoing are the friendly societies, which began with the purely benevolent ideals of mutual self help and ended in practice by the constitution of large business societies for insurance. At the present time there are in England 28,400 such societies, with £22,095,000 capital. The help afforded to the agricultural laborer by the friendly societies as well as by the co-operative movement is of the most important character, the trade unions having hardly succeeded in organizing this class.

The friendly society and co-operative movements now include a great number, and the trade union movement a considerable number of persons who would in any other country belong by interest to the bourgeois class, but who, for all industrial purposes, throw in their lot still with those among whom they were born. They own their houses, have invested in the funds and constitute a part of the moneyed and capitalist class themselves. In 1891 there were 1,624 co-operative societies, with 1,191,869 members and £17,042,104. The sale of goods amounted to £48,571,786 and the profits to £4,774,080. Not content with industrial work alone, they have successfully introduced into farming the principles they believe in and started co-operative dairies, with excellent results.

Progress of Co-operation.

Co-operation has been tried long enough to allow the accumulation of valuable statistics. The day is past when it can be called an economic theory, an attractive idea, without a demonstration in the marts of commerce of its feasibility.

It may be that every line of business cannot be run on the co-operative plan, although it would appear as though most everything in the line of trade and manufactures had secured its trial day. Some attempts are failures. Still it would be unfair to condemn the principle of co-operation on this account. The failures among our ordinary business pursuits mount into the thousands. Letting out of consideration the fact that men who have engaged in co-operation were largely unacquainted with the field and had few patterns from which to copy, it would still be an unfair basis of comparison to set the percentages of co-operative failures against the percentages of business failures. There is a business prejudice to be overcome in this case, and men are slow to change their customs.

The growth of co-operation in England has been wonderful. Fifty years ago the theory had 28 advocates, but the army has now increased to 1,340,013, or one-seventh of the adult population of the kingdom. Two hundred and fifty-five million dollars would not overestimate the value of the annual trade.

What is co-operation if it is not self help? It has the means in itself of conferring vast benefits through the moral influence exerted. Observers attest to its formative effect in the direction of independence.—Omaha World-Herald.

Labor Condition of English Spinners.

Robert Howard of the Fall River Mule Spinners' association, who has returned from England, where he attended the International Textile Workers' convention, says:

"There is no doubt that the English spinner is better off and happier in his surroundings than the American spinner. The one great drawback there is the number of people out of work. They have more amusement and enjoy themselves far better than the workers on this side, and they can live far more cheaply. Nevertheless the manufacturers are better off and make more money. In the mill in which I worked myself while I was over there the thirty-ninth quarterly dividend was declared at the rate of 10 per cent. That was in Stockport."

STRANGELY SAVED FROM DEATH.

A Dramatic Prevention of Assassination In a Gambling House.

A crowd of people witnessed a singular scene here the other night, in which a man's life was saved after as novel a fashion as ever any writer of fiction has evolved. Rafe Shaffer, a well known sporting man, was seated in a gambling saloon talking to a friend, who had only lately come here from the east. Shaffer was telling his companion of a quarrel that he had with another man about town, whom he suspected of being about to make an attempt on his life.

As he was speaking the eastern man suddenly interrupted him with the question, "Say, Shaffer, do you remember your old business as a telegraph operator?"

Shaffer, who, it seems, had followed this trade before going west, looked surprised, but answered that he did.

"Well, you know, it's a very easy thing forgotten. Now, I will bet you can't tell me what I am going to tick out here on this table."

The eastern man then took a pencil from his pocket and began to tick off a message which, as he finished, caused Shaffer to spring hastily from his seat, drawing, as he did so, a revolver from his pocket, which he thrust almost in the face of a man who had been standing in the door of the saloon, and who had just covered him with his pistol. The two men glared at each other, and then Shaffer said calmly:

"Better put up your weapon, Smith, unless you want to shoot it out with me here. I have got the drop on you as much as you on me."

Smith hesitated and then replied that he would put up his pistol if Shaffer would and consented to leave the question between them to the arbitration of mutual friends. Shaffer agreed to the arbitration plan, as it seems both men had their reasons for not letting the cause of the bad blood between them be known to the public. Smith then left, and Shaffer thanked his quick witted friend for the services he had rendered him. The message the eastern man had rapped out was as follows:

"If your enemy is a dark complexioned man, with a hooked nose and a scar on the left cheek, he has just entered the saloon and has his hand on his pistol pocket. If you fear treachery from him, move quickly, or he'll have the drop on you. I am unarmed, so that I cannot draw for you. Draw now, as he has his pistol out, and unless you are as quick as lightning he will have you."

Shaffer's keen ear caught the words, and he acted at once on them, as has been shown. His wheeling so suddenly about on Smith took that gentleman so by surprise that he was compelled to back down.—Hastings (Neb.) Cor. Philadelphia Times.

COST HIM A HAND.

A Philadelphia Man's Invention Blew Up, and He Is Maimed For Life.

For a long time Pierson M. Stackhouse, a conveyancer, has been experimenting with a fire extinguishing chemical. It is probable that he will give up his idea of revolutionizing such compounds, if not altogether, for a time at least, because disaster overtook him with one terrific swoop yesterday afternoon.

Stackhouse believed that he solved the problem he had so long studied over, and yesterday afternoon he started out from his house, 2446 North Tenth street, to make a test. He strapped the cylinder to his back and carried the section of rubber hose in his left hand. His family stood at the door, and a friend, who had aided him in his experiments, walked close beside him. The inventor intended to see how far the chemical would be thrown, and he fearlessly reached up with his right hand to turn on the stopcock at the top of the cylinder in order to set the chemical to work.

At that instant there came a terrific explosion, which scared the wits nearly out of residents of the whole neighborhood. Windows rattled ominously, and crockeryware was demolished in some of the closets of nearby houses. Women and children, with blanched faces, rushed from their homes in terror, thinking that an earthquake or worse had come.

Stackhouse was thrown violently to the sidewalk. The top of the cylinder had blown off, and his right hand hung by a few shreds from his wrist. He lay unconscious on the sidewalk as his wife ran shrieking out to him, and a crowd quickly collected to see what the explosion meant. The inventor was taken to the Episcopal hospital, where it was necessary to amputate the shattered hand at the wrist.—Philadelphia Record.

Piety and Politics.

No one who has visited the south can escape the impression that a deep revolution in opinion is at work there. For several years it has been their habit to hold modest, unheralded meetings, mainly in the rural districts, sometimes weekly, sometimes monthly. They are usually opened with prayer, and it is not unusual after harvest time for the planters to maintain camp meetings a week together. Speaking begins between 9 and 10 in the morning, and the slow declining sun is still a spectator to these intense congregations. There is even a fine illumining vein of religious fervor in it all. The opening prayer, the political song set to church music, the two hour harangue at a stretch, the patriotic cheers, like strains from a new anthem—these are not the committee bought demonstrations of common campaigns. It is a rising of the people, and in due time the newspapers will make a discovery, for they will hear those people sing, and after that the ballot.—Donahoe's Magazine.

Death Stretched Him.

When John Edward Kelly's illness made him take to his bed at his home in Lambertville, N. J., for the last time six weeks ago, the lad was 5 feet in height and very fleshy. When he died on Friday last, he had fallen away to a skeleton, but the undertaker found that his stature was 6 feet 2 inches.

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Div 5—Patrick Coghlan, Pres, 169 Forquer st; James J Brennan, V-P; E M O'Reilly, R S, 636 Baker av; T Cullinane, F S; John Beegan, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4205 Wentworth av; Michael Reilly, V-P; M D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33d st; James Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Vanning, Treas. Meet in Vernia hall, 67th st near Halsted, 1st Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 235 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 448 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 3 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; Thomas Donohoe, V P; D J Mahony, R S, 2021 Lake av; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P Murphy, V-P; Thomas White, R S, South Chicago; Mich'l Clarke, F S; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, in Elgman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—Timothy Bourke, Pres, 4750 S Ashland av; James Small, V-P; James Brannegan, R S, 5020 Dreyer st; Thos Gallagher, F S; Thos Ryan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month in Webb's hall, 4439 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—M E Lynch, Pres, 530 W Erie st; J P Walsh, V P; Joe Lamb, Rec Sec, 530 W Erie st; H J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4507 Wentworth av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4205 Wentworth av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2091 Archer av; P F Conway, V P; M J Moran, Rec Sec, 3133 Archer av; M W Williams, Fin Sec; M J Hogan, Treas.

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Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 3622 Justine st; James Took, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 1609 Ashland av; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; Patrick Carroll, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday each month at 3 p m in Burk's hall, 3632 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O'Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; H Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park PO; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third sts.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4633 Dreyer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 320 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael Kennedy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 22—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeehegan, V P; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland av; Jno Waters, F S; Paurea Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland av at 3:30 p m.

Div 23—Jas Kerwin, Pres, 5314 Atlantic st; P Molloy, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 945 Bristol st; James E Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2nd Saturday of each month at 7:30 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first st and Wentworth av.

Div 25—Thomas P O'Donovan, Pres, 115th st, Kensington; Philip J O Reilly, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, Box 854, Pullman; Patrick Keyes, Fin Sec; William Carroll, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Pullman.

Div. 30—Thomas Hogan, Pres, Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keefe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 33—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; Thos Kelley, V P; Jas Gannon, R S, 3756 Union av; Michael Hughes, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, Thirty-fifth st and Emerald av.

Div 35—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6255 Stoney Island av; J J Feely, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 3d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn av.

Div 37—John P Dooley, Pres, 6350 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6156 Wallace st; M H Hoey, F S; Sec, C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th st.

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St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 35 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Law er, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 2300 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av; James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 2305 Auburn av; Michael Ryan, 2908 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas; Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a; Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Hals ed sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtis, C R, 454 Austin av; J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 338 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec; L Foley, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st; John F Owens, Fin Sec; Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, ass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleason, Treas; Dr J A Hemstegar, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 56th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 448 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 961 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 39 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1066 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaefer, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 2?? Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday at Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4736 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4050 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Joe K Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Joe H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Blue Island and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 186 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Keelser, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 28 W 12th st; R S, Julius Ealer, 634 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Mathew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus, Hippchen, 122 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Eulebrecht, 1027 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lilly. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 168 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 326 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Bilndauler, 495 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neunes, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Kring; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 239 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Kienke. Meet 3d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3506 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Carney. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Laney's hall, Archer av and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5512 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Coe, 5?? Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Erwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5500 Wentworth av.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Superior Court of Cook County. September Term A. D. 1894. Ove Gedde vs. Burt P. Gates and Aloise C. Gates. In Chancery. No. 160,035.

Notice is hereby given to the said Burt P. Gates and Aloise C. Gates that the above named complainant heretofore filed his bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendants, returnable on the first day of the term of the Superior Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House in Chicago in said Cook County, on the first Monday of September A. D. 1894, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending. STEPHEN D GRIFFIN, Clerk.

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STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF Cook—ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Patrick J. McCarthy, Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased, vs. Albina Reynolds, Kate Reynolds, William Reynolds, Owen Reynolds, Mary Reynolds alias Minnie Reynolds, Margaret Kennedy, Patrick Kennedy, Robert Berger, as Trustee, Henry Martin and John Holloway. Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.

Public notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decretal order of said Probate Court entered in the above entitled cause, on the 20th day of September A. D. 1894, the undersigned will, on Wednesday, the 31st day of October A. D. 1894, at Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the Judicial Sales Rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, No. 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, sell at public vendue, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, all the right, title and interest which the said decedent John Reynolds had, at the time of his death, in and to the following described real estate, or so much thereof as may be necessary to pay the debts of decedent, situate in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois, to-wit: Lot One (1) in Dickey & Baker's Subdivision of Block Five (5) of Thompson & Holmes' Subdivision of the East 45 acres of the North 60 acres of the Southeast quarter (S. E. ¼) of Section Seventeen (17) Township Thirty-eight (38) North Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) principal meridian, subject, however, to a trust deed, dated May 31, 1889, given by said John Reynolds to Robert Berger, Trustee, to secure the note of said John Reynolds, of even date with said trust deed, for the sum of $500, payable to the order of William J. Nissen, three (3) years after date thereof. Terms of sale: Cash on delivery of deed. No deed will be delivered until the report of sale has been approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Sept. 24, 1894.

PATRICK J. McCARTHY,
Administrator of the estate of John Reynolds, deceased.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys.

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